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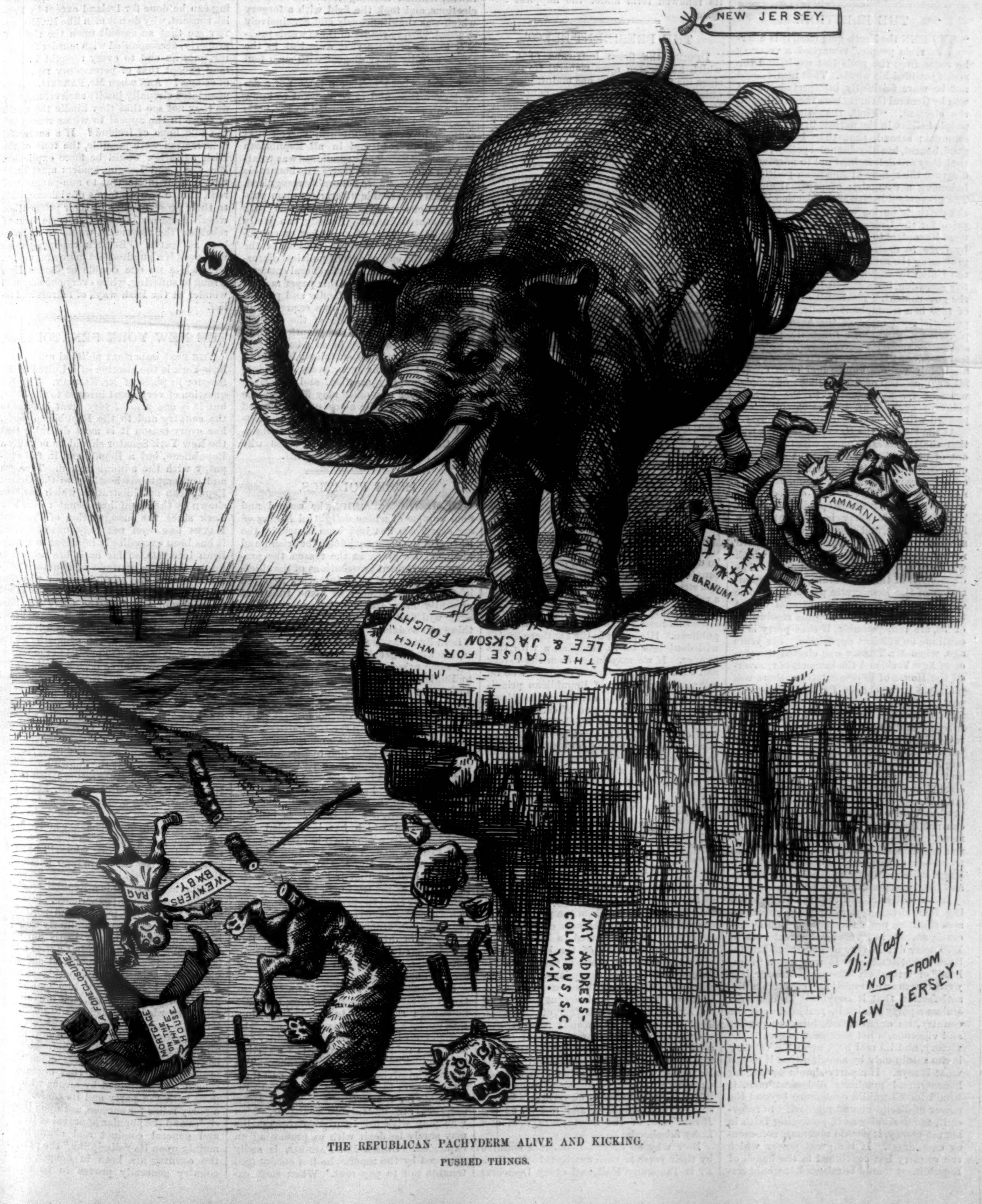

NEW JERSEY.
THE CAUSE FOR WHICH LEE & JACKSON FOUGHT
BARNUM.
TAMMANY.
WEAVERS BABY.
RAG
A FORECLOSURE.
MORTGAGE ON THE WHITE HOUSE
"MY ADDRESS-COLUMBUS, S.C. W.H.
Th: Nast
NOT FROM NEW JERSEY.

THE REPUBLICAN PACHYDERM ALIVE AND KICKING.

PUSHED THINGS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 54 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November 9, contains the usual amount of interesting reading matter and illustrations. Among the attractions are: "Jack-o'-Lantern," illustrated poem; Chapter Two of "The Boy General"; an illustrated article on "Stamp Collecting"; "Farm-house Pets in Japan;" Chapter Nine of "Who was Paul Grayson?" with an illustration; "Our Baby," by* JIMMY BROWN; *"The Unlucky Settlers," illustrated; a page picture called "Buckwheat Cakes"; two pages of "Jingles," with eight pretty illustrations; Post-office Box; etc.*

THE ELECTION.

"WHEN the North gets mad, it is a terrible people," remarked a voter as he came from the polls last week, and the result justified his words. That result could not be more faithfully interpreted than it was by General GARFIELD on the evening of the election. "First, that the American people believe in the nationality of the government; second, that they believe in a good, honest, healthy financial policy; third, that they are determined not to narrow and disgrace the sphere of American politics by indorsing a campaign of personal abuse." The great significance of the election is that the patriotic nation which paid so sacred a price for the Union does not intend to intrust its control to those who, having sought by force to destroy the government, now, professing the same theory of the nature of the Union by which they attempted to justify secession, have sought by fraud to seize the government. The result of the election of 1880 is a triumphant vindication of the patriotic good sense of the American people, and a prodigious illustration of the strength of popular government. No political spectacle in history is comparable to the absolutely unquestioning and even cheerful acquiescence of fifty millions of people, wrought for five months to the highest point of excitement, in the lawfully expressed will of the constitutional majority.

At the close of the GARFIELD administration the Democratic party will have been out of national power for about a quarter of a century. The Federal party disappeared after twenty years exclusion, and it is not improbable that radical consequences will follow the present Republican success. The Democratic party is substantially a Southern party, and a Southern party represents doctrines and policies which are both reactionary and un-American, and which will not be approved by the country. The dissolution of the solid South, the reorganization of the Democratic party upon some other more sensible, more national dogma than the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of '98, are indispensable, if that party is to continue an efficient opposition. Six years ago, when Mr. TILDEN was elected Governor of New York, and the Democrats recovered the House of Representatives, there was plainly a great chance for the Democratic party. Fortunately for the country, good fortune tempted that party to disclose its inherent and essential character. The heat revived the torpid viper. The six years of partial Democratic restoration have thoroughly aroused and alarmed the country, and it has arisen as when LINCOLN was elected and the war sustained. The popular distrust of the Democratic party is so profound that without a radical change it can not hope again to control the government. Its solid South—a solidity not of free and honest conviction, but of force and fraud—is a perpetual defiance and challenge, which a North solid with good sense and patriotism will always accept.

It is equally evident that the overwhelming Republican victory imposes great responsibilities upon the party. The Democratic success in 1874, and its great vote in 1876, were due in very great part to Republican dissatisfaction. It was not a "sorehead" or "crotchety" dissatisfaction, or, if it were, it was so extended and effective a dissatisfaction that it could not be despised. Unless a party retains its real hold upon the country, its organization, however perfect and vigorous, is not sufficient to give it the victory, and its real hold upon the country it can retain only by showing that it means what it says. If a party should declare for honesty, and nominate dishonest men, it would forfeit public confidence beyond the power of discipline and regularity to recover it, as effectually as if, professing faith in honest money, it should nominate soft-money candidates. If the great power which the country has continued in the hands of Republicans should be misused, it would certainly be withdrawn again. The balance of power in our election, it must be remembered, is held by a comparatively small number of voters. Connecticut, for instance, declares for GARFIELD by 2000 or 3000 majority, New Hampshire, by 1000 or 2000, while New York, with a vote of more than a million, gives a GARFIELD majority of 25,000. It is this small number in every State which elects the President, and determines whether the Administration shall be Republican or Democratic. If the Democratic should cease to be a mere Southern party, and if Republican administration should be heedless of the popular intelligence, and rely upon mere organization, and not upon a truly wise and national policy, the glorious result of this year might be easily reversed. There is probably no man in the country who understands this more clearly than the President-elect, and the Republican party, which has felt sharp discipline, enters upon its renewed term under the happiest auspices.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

DURING the fierce hurricane of abuse which has beaten upon General GARFIELD since his nomination he has maintained the quiet dignity of an American gentleman. Replying to every address with singular grace and felicity, he has said and done nothing from the moment that he was nominated which is not worthy of the character which his long public career had established. His tastes, his extended and varied experience, his incessant study, his familiarity with every public question and with public law and sound fundamental political principles, his intellectual ability, his personal integrity, and simplicity and urbanity of manner, all peculiarly qualify the new President for his great office.

The duty devolves upon every Republican, and upon all who voted for him, to co-operate with him in every honorable way to secure an administration which the country will cordially support. General GARFIELD represents the original and traditional principles of the party. He is not the President of a clique or faction, but of the sound, broad, generous views which are distinctively known as Republican. Every man and every interest in the Southern States knows that it is as safe under the Presidency of General GARFIELD as it could have been under a Democratic President, and there are doubtless hundreds of intelligent and prosperous citizens in all the Southern States who voted for HANCOCK, and thank God that GARFIELD is elected.

The personal attitude of friendly courtesy that General GARFIELD has maintained throughout the canvass, unmoved by the desperate calumnies of opponents to more than a hearty word of disgust and indignation with the clumsy Chinese forgery, will be undoubtedly his political position. Fortunately, while he is a man of the deepest and strongest political convictions, he is not a vehement and malignant partisan. There is no firmer or sounder Republican, but there is also no more equable and reasonable Republican. His policy in the Southern States will doubtless be in accordance with this temper. If we may judge from the career and character of the man, there will be no relaxation whatever of Republican principle, no act which will delude any Southern man with the expectation of concession or surrender of anything which the people at this election have approved. A policy at once perfectly firm and gentle, the iron hand in the velvet glove, so far as the results settled by the war are concerned, may justly be expected under the GARFIELD administration. It is fortunate for the country and for popular government that the election secures the practical continuation in general spirit and purpose of the present administration.

A PUBLIC OUTRAGE.

IT was supposed that the late campaign would be rather tame, and it was hoped that it might be free from the personal rancor which so often disgusts every intelligent man. But it proved to be upon the Republican side one of the liveliest, and upon the Democratic one of the most slanderous and foul, of campaigns. The two chief illustrations of this were the forged Chinese letter, and the indecent assaults of the *Express* upon Mr. BENNETT, of the *Herald*. This last attack was wholly personal, and worthy only of the poorest kind of *Eatanswill Gazette*. The *Herald* opposed the nomination made by Mr. JOHN KELLY for the Mayoralty, and the reply was a fusillade of personal vituperation unredeemed by a solitary gleam of humor or cleverness, a broadside of dull calumny, and finally, as the *Herald* said, of the most outrageous and filthy falsehood.

Now why do decent Democrats connive by their votes at such outrages? Mr. KELLY is Tammany Hall, and every Democrat who acknowledges fealty to Tammany Hall encourages and supports this system of political warfare. Granting that there are Democratic principles and a Democratic policy which such Democrats desire to see carried out—although what those principles and policy may be is unknown to us—can anything be carried out by following such a leader but the total degradation of politics? There is no doubt that the Democrats lost greatly by their method of conducting the campaign. Their main reliance was upon the "charges" against General GARFIELD, which were long since disposed of, and upon the forged MOREY letter. Now there is a great love of fair play in the American people, and the result of the Ohio and Indiana October elections showed that mere calumny is bad campaigning. But the Democratic managers, who, as usual, know very little of the people, and confound with them the ignorant classes in large towns, learned nothing from the October elections, and took the field with a forgery which was simultaneously and conclusively exposed. Every reader of these words probably knows of votes that were lost to the Democrats by sheer disgust with such foul tricks.

No, it has been neither a tame nor a decent campaign, and it is pleasant to know that the party which resorted to the indecency has lost the day. Throughout the contest, in every Republican speech that we heard or read, and in all Republican papers, the Democratic candidate was treated with candor and respect. His honorable military services were honorably recognized, and if his remarkable utterances upon public questions were criticised, it was with good-natured banter. Nobody can justly accuse Republicans of an unfair or calumnious campaign. But the method of the *Express* is the end of decent political discussion, and it is a matter of general concern. For if the proprietors of this paper may be assailed in their private family and personal relations because of views expressed in these columns, the freedom of the press is attacked. Moreover, if the proprietors and editors of journals may be so assailed, and the assailants still be sustained by intelligent and honorable men, every candidate may be similarly assailed, and a citizen nominated for any office may find that the first penalty is public abuse of his wife and family. If this method of conducting political discussion is to be tolerated by sustaining the leader who adopts it, those who support him morally share his guilt.

IRISH POLITICS.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the second and final volume of whose delightful *History of our own Times* has just been issued by the HARPERS, has recently joined the Irish Land League. He gives as the reason the proposed government prosecutions of the chiefs of the League, and in an interview reported in the *Herald* he says of home rule that presently "very likely a Conservative Ministry will find a way of showing how the thing can be done." He adds that he thinks if Lord BEACONSFIELD were ten years younger, he would get into power by applying the same principle, not to Ireland only, but to England and Wales and Scotland. Mr. MCCARTHY is a better historian than statesman. The graphic pages of his own work show that the policy of the Liberal party toward Ireland during the last half-century has been wise and right, and that all real Irish gains have been due to Liberal measures, as in this country every measure of larger liberty has been the work of the Republican party. From Catholic emancipation to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Disestablishment and Mr. BRIGHT'S land laws, it is Liberal statesmanship which has befriended Ireland. Lord BEACONSFIELD has just led the Tory Peers in an overwhelming vote against Irish interests. Mr. MCCARTHY may be right in thinking that if his lordship were younger he might try to get power by some bold bid for Irish support. But it would be in his capacity of adventurer, not statesman. Lord BEACONSFIELD is capable of any political trick, or intrigue, or eccentricity. But Mr. MCCARTHY must know that it is Liberal, not Tory, sentiments and traditions which are the hope of Ireland.

He speaks of Mr. PARNELL as a constitutional agitator, and as restraining his more impetuous associates to legal discussion. But, unless his speeches are misreported, he has spoken of infamous crimes so lightly and in such a vein as to warrant the assertion that he incited and encouraged them. The orator who advises the mob not to nail their victim's ears to the pump is certainly responsible for the laceration. Mr. DILLON'S speeches are undeniably seditious. Men who play with fire in a powder-magazine may surely be dealt with as promoting an explosion. Unless Mr. PARNELL is sadly wronged by the reports, he has encouraged tenants not to pay rent. When such exhortations lead to crimes of the most appalling character, may not the exhorter be held lawfully to account? Mr. MCCARTHY is an Irish member of Parliament, and he may think it good "politics" to join the League, and to decry the government. But with our information, and at this distance, it is the Liberal Administration, not MOUNTMORRES'S assassination, which is the real hope of Ireland.

Mr. MCCARTHY'S suggestion of home rule for the four parts of the kingdom is a proposal of imperial disintegration. It involves a complete reconstruction of the British government, and an arbitrary decision as to local and general interests which would be well-nigh impracticable. A federation is possible with friendly dispositions. But with the hereditary Irish hatred of England as a conqueror and tyrant, how could the two countries be allied if the hated government was to be supreme in all but county and municipal affairs? Meanwhile, as nothing can be done for Ireland except by British consent, why do not men like Mr. MCCARTHY see that an assault upon the right of property, accompanied with murder and terror, puts an end to every thought in England except that of peremptory repression of crimes? And when Mr. PARNELL and his associates virtually justify such crimes, why do they not see that they kindle the wrath of those in the appeal to whose reason lies the sole hope of Ireland? If a successful insurrection were possible, the tone of the Irish agitation would be more explicable. But the Land League leaders must know that if their incitement to non-payment of rent, and to various forms of violence, leads to their prosecution, and their prosecution, whether successful or not, to some form of rebellion, the movement would be as hopeless as SMITH O'BRIEN'S cabbage-garden war, even if a hundredfold more sanguinary. Meanwhile no one doubts or denies Irish wrong or suffering, while every one may well wonder at the Irish ways of redress and relief.

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

THE next important political question in New York is the election of a United States Senator in place of Mr. KERNAN. This is a question of very great interest to the State, but it is one also of very great interest to the country and to the Republican party. For every reason it is most desirable that the New York Senator should be not only a Republican, but a Republican in full sympathy with the administration. The open and contemptuous hostility to the present Republican administration which has been shown by the Republican Senator from New York since the inauguration of President HAYES has been not only unseemly, but it has been exceedingly injurious to Republican interests, so far as it has seemed to imply that the attitude of Senator CONKLING toward the administration was that of Republican New York. What is called "the organization" of the party has been undoubtedly in sympathy with the Senator. But the Republican sentiment, and, if we may make the distinction, the sympathy of the Republican people as opposed to the Republican politicians, have been friendly to one of the purest and most satisfactory national administrations which this country has ever seen. Indeed, the general character and results of the administration, its absolute unassailability by the Democratic opposition, whose late Presidential campaign began in slander and ended in forgery, together with the fact that the known Republican enemies of the administration failed to control the National Convention, have been silent but most effective arguments for Republican success. No one who desires continued Republican ascendency and true party harmony but must wish to see a Senator elected from New York who will be in full sympathy with the GARFIELD administration.

General GARFIELD is a Republican statesman of long political experience. He understands thoroughly politics and politicians. He is a man of what is familiarly called "a level head," and we may justly anticipate from him not only a pure but a wise administration. His general political and party views and spirit and sympathies are well known. Fortunately for him and for his party and for the country, they are fully and fairly recorded. He belongs to no faction, but he is conspicuously and most fortunately a progressive Republican. Knowing with all other sensible men that thorough organization is essential to party efficiency, he probably does not hold that organization should be maintained by means which imperil both the party and its cause. When a party relies for success, not upon its principles and the popular approval of its policy and general conduct and character, but mainly upon its "discipline," the party and the country are both in danger, and the country generally proves to be stronger than the party. This was signally shown in 1860. In that year the Democratic party despotism was complete and inexorable. It controlled all the offices, and the patronage was unscrupulously used, not for the public service, but for the party ends. But the Democratic party fell, and great was the fall thereof. To this kind of despotism General Garfield is evidently opposed. In its general views upon the subject, but without approving all its measures, he has been in sympathy with the present administration, and with the great body of progressive Republicans. Whatever is done by the party in any State should be done to help, and not to hamper and hinder the administration for which the party is responsible. During the present Republican administration this has not been the principle or the practice of Senator Conkling. It would be, therefore, a misfortune if at the inauguration of the new administration Mr. Conkling should be made, so to speak, both Senators from New York, by the election of a colleague who should be merely his echo and shadow. Such a result would suggest the old line, "Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice." In this case one tone is, perhaps, all that is desirable for Republican welfare in this State.

For every reason both of party prosperity and the national interests the President's hands should not be tied. The Executive action in a State is operative through the Senate. But it is the practice of the Senate, known as its "courtesy," to refer all such action to the Senators from the State, and to be governed by their will. Under this system a double Senator would be necessarily supreme in New York. He would be the same kind of "boss" nationally in the State that Mr. John Kelly is locally in the city. Is that desirable for the party in the State or in the country at large? Senator Conkling and General Garfield are both Republicans, but it is perfectly well known that they are Republicans of different schools. When Mr. Conkling came into the late canvass, he spoke upon a platform on which the opposition minority Republican vote to the nomination of General Garfield was indecently blazoned, and the first important words in his speech were a sneer at President Hayes and a threat at General Garfield, while his reply to a serenade from the Albany Grant Club, just before the election, showed that his support of General Garfield was as perfunctory as an Irish cheer for the Queen. These do not seem to be cogent reasons for making Mr. Conkling the double Senator from New York. But with a colleague in general sympathy with the Republican President, the hands of President Garfield would be free. The "courtesy of the Senate" would not bind it to oppose his action in New York if sustained by the New York Senator freshest from the people in the Legislature. No Republican can wish to see a continuation of the sorry spectacle of the last four years. It was well understood that Mr. Conkling tried to procure the appointment of Mr. Thomas C. Platt as the member from New York in President Hayes's cabinet. The member selected was Mr. Evarts. That it was an unworthy selection will not be maintained. That there was any Republican in New York more fitted by character and conspicuous ability for such a position can not be truthfully alleged. But from the moment of the nomination the hostility of the Republican Senator from New York to the Republican administration has been incessant and rancorous. Is it desirable that he should absorb the whole Senatorial representation from the State? Is it not, for every reason, sounder policy to give him a colleague who represents something besides the senior Senator? Mr. Conkling doubtless represents a certain part of the party in New York, but there are other parts which he as positively misrepresents. These are considerations which members of the Assembly and all Republicans who wish to protect the independence of the administration should bear in mind. Let us have a Senator who will represent Republican principle and progress, and not merely his colleague.

POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

The election is over, and now the season for reasonable political discussion begins. The article upon "Politics for Young Americans" which we reprint elsewhere from the Rochester *Democrat* is full of sound doctrine upon the subject, and cites Mr. Nordhoff's little book of the same title with the article as an excellent manual of elementary politics. The *Democrat* holds very justly that the discussion of political principles in the largest sense should be constant in this country, while it is evident that there is no time for the discussion so hopeless as during the heat and stress of a party campaign. That is a time necessarily for concession and compromise. The choice among candidates is often an alternative. The voter does the best possible under the circumstances, and sacrifices much to gain much. This, indeed, is the permanent condition of politics. If a man should refuse to vote until everything pleased him, he would never vote at all. But one of the advantages of liberal political discussion at a time when no election is pending is that it enables the relations of things to be considered and defined. Thus, a young man may be earnestly interested in some subject which is neglected in nominations and platforms, and he is at a loss what to do. If the choice lies between two parties, then, so far as that subject is concerned, he will not aid its prospects by supporting either. Here is a case obviously in which he must do the best that he can for other objects, while, if he deems this to be the paramount interest, he can do nothing directly. This question was presented to civil service reformers in the late election by the candidacy of General Arthur, and there were many who were perplexed. But there were other vital interests which would be imperiled by the election of the Democratic candidate, while every chance for progressive action in reform lay with the Republicans. Hence, as it was impossible to vote for Republican success without voting for General Arthur, there could be no question of the true course to pursue.

But the article in question and Mr. Nordhoff's manual treat of the calm consideration of politico-economical and financial questions, and the political principles and policies which divide parties. At present, however, our parties divide upon other than normal issues. Direct or indirect taxation, a tariff for revenue only, or a tariff for incidental protection, subsidies, and all financial doctrines and measures, are illustrations of normal issues in politics. But the questions of a free vote and a fair count, of free speech and free assembly, are issues of the honest existence of the government itself. Consequently in the recent campaign, as in every campaign since the war, the discussion mainly and necessarily centred upon the "solid South." If the electoral vote of a single State should decide the result of a Presidential election, and that vote should be obtained by a notorious suppression of votes by force or by fraud, like that of the tissue ballots, the situation would be revolutionary and perilous, not normal. The debate upon the tariff was brought late into the canvass this year, but the election turned less upon the principles than the character of the parties; that is to say, there was confidence in the Republican party, and there was great disinclination to take the chances of a change in a time of general prosperity.

The issues of parties are not arbitrary. They can not be imposed by platforms and conventions. The great questions in an election are those which the people feel to be such. In the late election the tariff became suddenly a vital question, because the country believed it to be intimately connected with the full employment and high wages of labor. That was a situation which laboring-men could not be induced to change by abstract arguments of the working of free trade. But still, the real division between the national parties is not now along the line of a tariff. It is based upon more fundamental and essential considerations. A free-trader may be more a friend of honest elections than of free trade. As a good citizen he would wish first that the government should represent the popular will, and only second that the popular will should favor free trade. While the real question is an honest government—a government by constitutional popular will, and not by fraud, or violence, or any form of usurpation—it is idle for any man either to denounce such a question as foolish, or sectional, or incendiary, or to affect the supposition that any policy of administration is more essentially important than its honesty. The first lesson to be taught in practical politics, therefore, is that those who tamper with the right of suffrage, either by force or fraud, are more deadly enemies to the national welfare than tariffs or free trade; and when the tampering is upon a great scale, the paramount issue is opposition to it. If this has seemed a partisan question during the election, it should be now treated upon its merits. For if the proper and natural division of parties lies in differing policies of administration, in order to secure that division a free vote and a fair count must be assured.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.

There has been no such valuable contribution from any American author to the historical and æsthetic criticism of art as the *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages*, by Charles Eliot Norton, just issued by the Harpers. Mr. Norton is Professor of the History and Literature of Art at Cambridge, and his book is not only a delightful historical study, but it is a work of the most accurate, comprehensive, and thorough scholarship—a kind of work which is unique in American literature. For while we produce many valuable and entertaining books, and good-naturedly bestow the name of scholar upon many an accomplished and amiable man, few of our books printed in a decade can justly claim to be works of true scholarship.

A great many qualities go to such a work. Scholarship in the good sense is not merely the accumulation of knowledge, it is its masterly comprehension and adjustment—the sense of due relation and significance and proportion. The historical scholar, for instance, is he whose familiarity with an epoch is such that his description instinctively reproduces its spirit and vitality—a power which belongs only to a genuine mastery. The secret of this power is a profound sympathy with the genius of a time and country, and this is the singular charm of this work of Professor Norton.

Ecclesiastical architecture was the expression of the most earnest life and conviction of the Middle Ages. The great cathedrals were religious works in the highest sense, and only he who enters into that spirit can properly understand or interpret them. The history, chronicles, memoirs, and literature of the epoch are all familiar to Professor Norton, whose pages, without a touch of pedantry, are full of evidence of his wide and various learning. In the same way his observations, without the least technical obscurity, are felicitous illustrations of that fine criticism which blends knowledge with imagination and feeling. It follows that the work is itself a vivid historical picture, and more valuable glimpses of the life of Venice, Siena, and Florence can not be found. It is a book of details, also, to be read carefully, a manual both for students of art and history. The style is perfectly simple, lucid, and tranquil, and the unusual typographical beauty of the book—a fitting form for such a work—makes it one of the most complete and satisfactory of recent publications.

THE OLD MILL AT NEWPORT.

Mr. S. Russell Forbes, a gentleman who has devoted much time to archæological studies, has been examining the old mill at Newport, which he pronounces to be a Norman work. This is a renewal of the controversy. Fifty years ago Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, supposed from drawings that it was Norman, and his opinion has been supported by that of other archæologists. But the general conclusion has long been that Governor Arnold, of Rhode Island, who in his will mentioned "my stone-built windmill," meant what he said, and knew what he meant.

Dr. Palfrey, in his *History of New England*, enters carefully into the question, and Mr. Gay, with all the facts and documents and debates before him, approves Palfrey's conclusions. The Arnold family is believed to have come from Warwickshire, in England, and Governor Arnold called his farm Lemmington, doubtless from Leamington in Warwickshire. Near this town, at Chesterton, there is a round stone mill, the counterpart of the Newport structure. The story is that it was built by Inigo Jones when Arnold was a boy, and nothing is more natural than that Arnold in his new home should have reproduced the famous mill endeared to him by early association. It is hardly conceivable that such a building should not have been mentioned by the first English comers to Rhode Island.

The old Newport mill is as doughty an antagonist in the contest of archæological speculation as Don Quixote found certain other mills with branching arms and an awful voice.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas Hughes lately underwent the usual fate of an Englishman of eminence in America—a "boom" of hospitality, public and private. While in Boston he is said to have told a friend that his Tom Brown was intended as a portrait of Dean Stanley, and that a distinguished officer, now in the East Indies, and a great shot, was the original of East.

—If "figures do not lie," there are some persons in San Francisco who are not in what Mrs. Partington would call "indignant circumstances." The Assessor of that city, in the roll which he returned to the Auditor, has placed the assessable property of a few of its richest citizens as follows:

Leland Stanford	$19,719,000
Charles Crocker	19,187,000
Mrs. Mark Hopkins	17,211,000
Central Pacific Railroad Company	16,120,000
J. C. Flood & Co.	10,600,000
J. W. Mackay	10,680,000
Nevada Bank	7,600,000
Bank of California	6,900,000
William Sharon	4,470,000
James G. Fair	4,220,000
J. C. Flood	3,630,000
P. Donahue	3,220,000
N. Luning	3,170,000
Haggin & Tevis	3,000,000

Following these are twenty-three other individuals and firms who are assessed in sums from $2,877,000 down to a paltry $1,000,000.

—Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the Edinburgh Medical School, and lately appointed to the Combe Lectureship, is preparing a popular exposition of the Darwinian and other theories of development. His aim is to present the evidence for evolution in a popular form, and include the history of the progress of the theory. Dr. Wilson, though quite a young man, has already made his mark in the literature and science of Scotland, and is justly regarded as one of its coming celebrities.

—On the 18th of this month Boston will hold high festival in celebrating the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church, and speeches will be made by Robert C. Winthrop, Phillips Brooks, Ralph Waldo Emerson, President Porter of Yale, and President Eliot of Harvard.

—Thirty-eight years ago, when Charles Dickens visited St. Louis, he became interested in "a little woman with a baby," his fellow-passengers on a Mississippi steamer. The woman's romantic history he described in *American Notes*. The baby is now Mr. Charles R. Garrison, who was recently given a Dickens reception on his thirty-ninth birthday.

—The Boston *Herald* says that Wendell Phillips and Robert C. Winthrop are now the only two Bostonians left who can really be called orators, and each of these has touched seventy. There are a good many people in Boston who make what are called speeches, but few of them have anything to say.

—Mrs. Sarah Baird, who died a few days since in Troy, Wisconsin, at the great age of one hundred and eight, had never suffered a day of illness, and up to the very day of her death it was her custom to make almost daily trips to her neighbors, traversing distances of half and three-quarters of a mile with perfect ease. Excepting a growing childishness, she showed no infirmities of age. She was the mother of six children, all now living, and she had one sister who lived to the age of one hundred and five. Her mother died at one hundred and two. On the day of her death she sat up the entire day, combing her own hair, and otherwise helping herself as was ordinary.

—M. De Choiseul, the new French Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, took part as a soldier in the Crimean and Italian campaigns, and was decorated by the Emperor for gallantry. But in 1869 he entered the Corps Législatif as a Republican. M. Thiers subsequently sent him to Florence as Minister, which place he resigned after serving eight months.

—Sir Henry Bessemer, who was recently dined by the London Common Council, and presented with the freedom of the city, is one of the benefactors of the age, having rendered the production of steel possible at $80 a ton instead of $250, and in a space of twenty minutes instead of three weeks, and in quantities of twenty tons at a time instead of five or six hundredweight. He has revolutionized the whole application of iron to the arts. In England the steel trade has trebled during the present year.

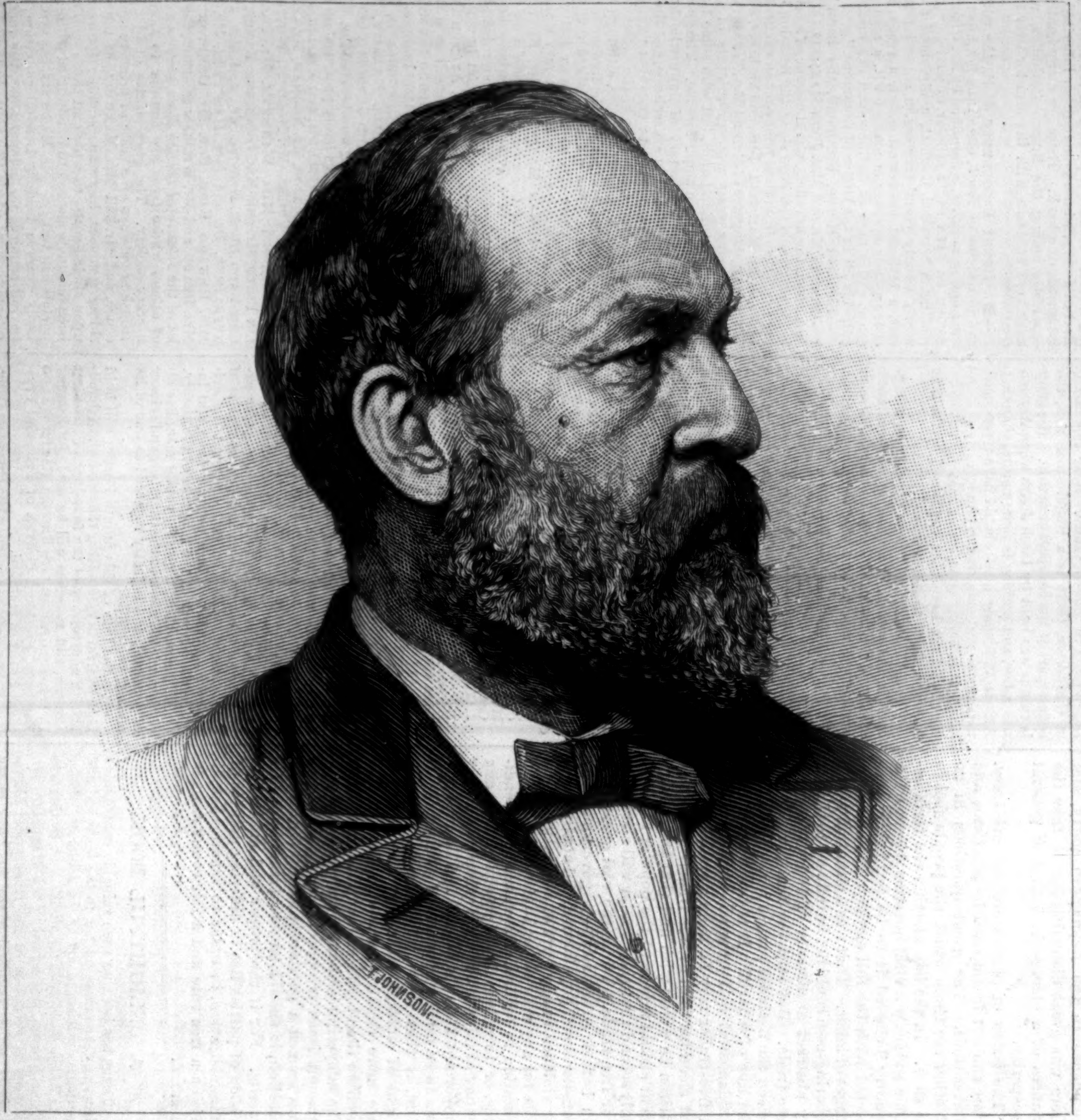
—Mr. Florence's amusing abbreviations in *The Mighty Dollar* have already become quite the vogue in London, where he is playing a most successful engagement, and is highly praised for his clever personation. A few nights since a few young lordlings were disturbing the audience by loud conversation, of which they were reminded by hissing, which they did not heed, and which led to a little scene in the lobby. A stalwart dramatic critic made a repartee which was a trifle more brilliant than that of one of the noble lordlings. The N. L. asked the D. C. who the —— he was, and was answered, "Look, you —— ——, every one here knows who I am, and they can very soon be made to know who you are; for if you do not confine your 'organized opposition' to the House of Commons, and your licensed impertinence to your betters in that House, I shall take the liberty, to use the language of the Hon. Bardwell Slote, of p. y. n.—of pulling your nose." Exit N. L. and followers in search of cooler air and a cigarette.

—One of the finest country residences in New England is now building for Mr. Wilson Waddingham, at West New Haven, Connecticut. It is to cost about $100,000.

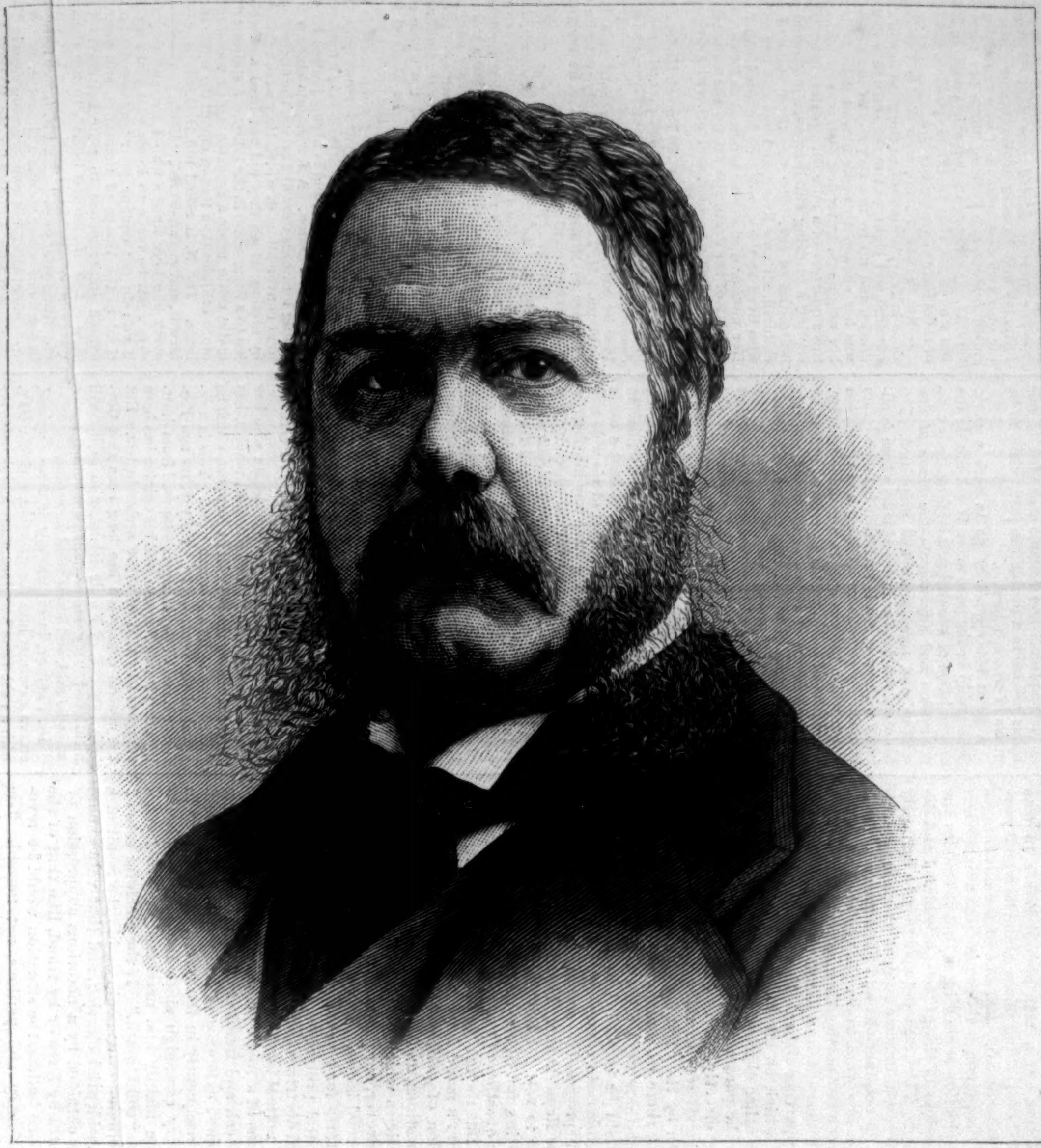
—The London banking firm of Childs & Co. have just finished a new and handsome banking house. The chief partner in the firm is the Earl of Jersey, whose grandmother inherited an interest in the bank. There are many families, especially among the Roman Catholics, who have kept accounts with the firm for over two centuries.

—Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the editor and proprietor of *Truth*, one of the brightest of the London weeklies, is described by Mr. George Augustus Sala as "a scholar of well-digested reading, a travelled linguist, a diplomatist of nearly twenty years' training, a shrewd financier, a brilliant conversationalist, a ready, incisive public speaker, a man of wit, a man of sense, and a man of business, and has made a palpable hit in the House of Commons."

—Lichfield House, Richmond, the baronial residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Maxwell (Miss Braddon, the novelist), was the scene of a brilliant gathering a few days since, the occasion being the return from their honey-moon excursion of Mr. John Maxwell, Jun., and his bride, Miss Wyndham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, who for many years were proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, but who some time since retired with an ample fortune. The guests represented the aristocracy of those who have become distinguished in art, science, and literature. A gentleman present writes that "amidst the numerous representatives of the drama was the venerable Mrs. Keeley, who, although far advanced in years, still retains the freshness and vigor of youth. The old lady talked delightfully of fifty years ago as if it were but yesterday; and among a crowd of literary women we noticed Helen Mathers (Mrs. Reeves), the authoress of *Cherry Ripe*, *Comin' thro' the Rye*, etc., etc.; Mrs. Perkis, to whose latest novel, *A Very Opal*, the *Athenæum* awarded high praise, comparing the writer's quiet humor to that of Jane Austen; and Mrs. Aylmer Goiving, who first distinguished herself as a dramatic author, and has lately given to the world her first novel. The men of letters included G. A. Sala, Dion Boucicault, Sutherland, Edwards, Frank Finley, Paul Merritt, Mr. Mackwick, and Blanchard Jerrold; and in the gay and festive throng we observed Mr. Wilfred Bendall (who has lately produced an operetta with great success), Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, Mrs. and Miss F. Major, Mr. Norman, Mr. Cull, Mrs. Van de Velde, Mr. Noel M. Whiting, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wyndham, Mr. Franklin Philp, Mr. and Mrs. Henniker Rance, the Count von Steen, General, Mr., and Mrs. Pennyfeather, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward King, Rev. Mr. Compton and Mrs. Reade, and Mr. William Simpson, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, besides a host of others whose faces are familiar to London literary society. The hospitalities of Lichfield House are always on a scale of princely munificence, and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, as the presiding geniuses, leave an indelible impression upon their guests, to which all those who have been fortunate enough to be admitted within the portals can testify. Mr. Maxwell has been for many years a leading London publisher, but having acquired an independence, has recently retired in favor of his two sons, John and Robert, the former of whom is the fortunate possessor of a lovely and accomplished wife."



JAMES A. GARFIELD, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.



CHESTER A. ARTHUR, VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

THE decisive victory achieved by the Republican party on the 2d of November carries with it not only the Presidency for the next four years, but effects a change in the political complexion of the House of Representatives. The Republicans have secured, in all probability, 219 votes in the Electoral College, or 34 more than a majority. In the House they will have a small but efficient majority, large enough to secure the organization, so that the next President will be free from many of the embarrassments which have beset President HAYES. At the present writing the complexion of the Senate is not precisely determined, but the probability is that the two parties will be tied, the casting vote of the Vice-President giving the control to the Republicans in case of an evenly divided vote.

From returns received by the Republican Congressional Committee at Washington, Mr. MCPHERSON, who is an acknowledged authority, makes the Republican majority in the next House of Representatives from 7 to 12. According to these returns, Republican gains have been made in the following States: Illinois, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, North Carolina, Oregon, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin, each 1; Alabama, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, and Missouri, each 2; Pennsylvania and Tennessee, each 3; and Ohio, 6—making a total gain of 31. Against this gain there is reported a Republican loss of 3 in New York and 1 in Nevada, which would make the net Republican gain 27. In the present Congress the Republicans have 131 members; adding to these the 27 gained gives 158 as the Republican strength in the Lower House of the next Congress, or a majority of 11. It is probable, however, that these figures may be reduced by three or four, but it is not believed they will fall below that number.

In the present Senate the Republicans have 33 and the Democrats 43 members, including DAVIS, of Illinois. In the recent elections the Republicans gained a majority in the Legislatures of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and possibly Tennessee, which will secure the election of Republican Senators to succeed as many Democrats. The Democrats, having a majority in the Nevada Legislature, will retire Mr. SHARON and put a Democrat in his place, and a Democrat has already been chosen to succeed Mr. BRUCE, of Mississippi, which makes the net Republican gain 5, and assures the Republicans 38 Senators from March 4, 1881. This number is just one-half of the entire membership of the Senate, and with the vote of the Vice-President will give the Republicans control of legislation. On the other hand, the Democrats can not count on the support of more than 36 Senators, for the reason that Judge DAVIS, of Illinois, and General MAHONE, of Virginia, are likely to act with the Republicans upon many occasions. But should these two Senators bind themselves to the Democrats, it will be seen that, provided the Republicans secure a Senator from Tennessee, the Democrats will fail of a majority.

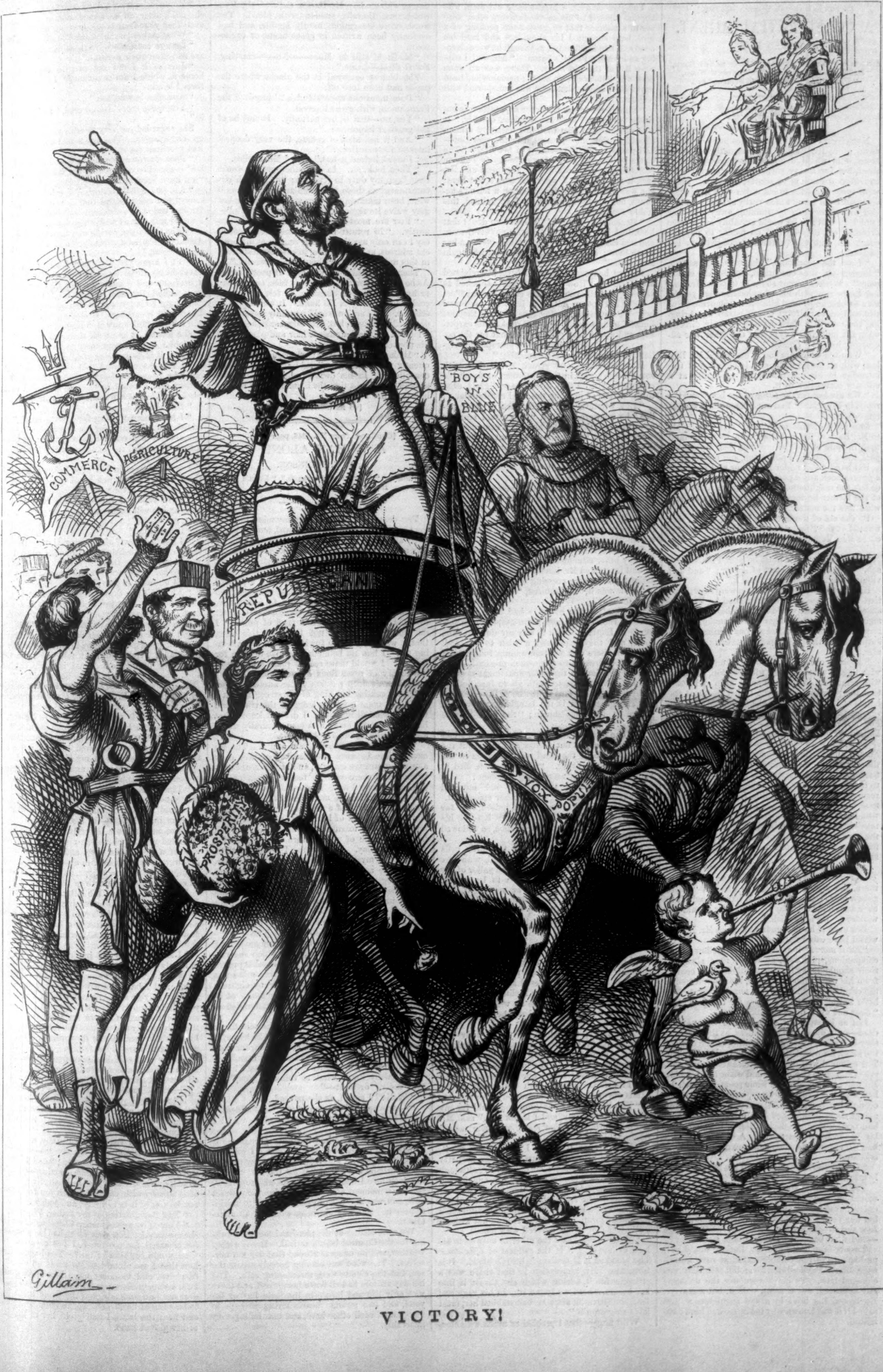
The causes that led to the overthrow of the Democratic party are discussed elsewhere in this paper. From the Democratic side the frankest statement of them is made by Mr. WATTERSON, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Of the Democratic management of the campaign he says:

> "Begun upon a low tone, it failed to give out from the first to the close one breezy, soul-stirring note, in spite of the captivating personality of General HANCOCK. The early days of the canvass, which were devoted to the foolish work of smirching the character of General GARFIELD, fell stale, flat, and unprofitable on the country. The spur of activity, while seizing upon a local complication in Maine to hammer out a few lurid sparks that dazzled and misled us, was practically lost by identifying our nominee with the Greenback rottenness, and no sooner was the issue taken with the tariff plank in our national platform than, instead of maintaining a doctrine as old as the Democratic party, General HANCOCK was induced to halt, hesitate, and put his foot in it. Then Mr. ENGLISH proved a disappointment, and, declining to come down with the stamps, made confusion worse confounded in Indiana."

During the canvass Mr. WATTERSON was almost the only Democratic leader of distinction who did not join in the stupid detraction of General GARFIELD'S character in which the Democratic press, to the disgust of thousands of fair-minded men in both parties, indulged; and now that the contest has closed, Mr. WATTERSON reiterates his views in this frank and emphatic manner:

> "We declared early in the canvass, what we here take occasion to repeat, that he is a person of commanding intellect, a voluminous experience in public affairs, incapable alike of personal venality or malignity, and capable of being and wishing to be a just Chief Magistrate. That this will be his purpose and policy we sincerely hope."

In order to divert the minds of their followers from the real causes of their defeat, a few of the Democratic leaders have raised the cry of fraud, and threaten to thwart the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, by Congressional action. But this is probably mere vaporing. The election in the North was perfectly free and fair, and the cry of fraud is too manifestly absurd to obtain credence. The Republicans need entertain no fear that a serious attempt will be made to overthrow the results of the election.


COMMERCE
AGRICULTURE
BOYS IN BLUE
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VOX POPULI
PROSPERITY
Gillam

VICTORY!

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE VICTIM.

NOTWITHSTANDING his anxieties and the eider-down quilt, Mr. Barlow slept soundly for some hours, and would doubtless have continued to sleep, but for a very curious circumstance. He had been dreaming, of course, of Amy. There were some obstacles to his union with her (quite different from those which really existed), and he had overcome them by running away with her (which in real life he would certainly never have dreamed of), only he had no money to pay the coachman, who was (naturally enough) very impatient.

"I am the coachman," the man was saying. "Remember the coachman, coachman, coachman." When he went so far as to poke Mr. Barlow in the ribs with his whip-handle that gentleman awoke, and found himself in the presence of two soldiers in uniform, one of whom was bringing the rays of a dark lantern to bear directly upon his half-closed eyes, and the other was addressing him as "*Cochon.*"

"Who the deuce are you?" exclaimed Mr. Barlow, with all an Englishman's indignation at this intrusion in his apartment, and especially at a military occupation of it.

"We are here in the name of the law," was the reply, in French. "You must come along with us immediately."

One word of this only, "*loi,*" was intelligible to Mr. Barlow, but it helped him to understand that, in spite of their swords and their furious aspect, these men were policemen, and not soldiers.

His hand dived under his pillow and produced a phrase-book and a pocket dictionary, which never left the neighborhood of his person, and by aid of the former he inquired what they wanted, and what was the matter.

By the aid of the latter he learned that he was wanted at the Hôtel de la Fontaine, and that the cause was MURDER.

"Great heavens! it must be poor Phœbe Mayson," cried he, with a start of horror; "and that villain Langton must have done it."

His excitement and indignation were so extreme that the manifestation of them, had he been accused of the crime, would in all probability—duly manipulated by the Judge of Instruction—have brought him to the guillotine; but fortunately the suspicions of the police had not taken this direction.

He sprang out of bed and huddled on his clothes with fingers that trembled with passion, and even with remorse. It flashed upon him in an instant that the poor girl had come to her death at the hands of her paramour in the performance of the service that he (Barlow) had himself suggested. For the first time in his life—or at all events since he had served his articles—he burst into expressions which were certainly not to be found in his French and English dictionary. The beauty of the woman, the wretchedness of her situation, her tenderness, her resolution (alas! so self-sacrificing) to obtain at all risks some tidings of her lost love, recurred to him with terrible force and distinctness, and stirred his nature to its depths. "The wild beast of force that lives within the sinews of man" was aroused within him. For the moment the one wish of this peace-loving, law-abiding man was to find himself face to face with her assassin.

As he passed out of the gate between the two *gens-d'armes*, and got into the *fiacre* awaiting them there, the porter exclaimed to himself, "There goes a murderer. Who would have thought it to have seen him yesterday? Bah; why should one wonder? He is English."

But even if he had understood him Mr. Barlow would have cared nothing.

"*Est-il mort?*" inquired the poor fellow of his companions, piteously, at which they shrugged their shoulders, smiled, and (thinking, of course, from his use of the masculine, that he referred to the criminal), replied, "Well, not at present. The little knife" (their euphemism for the guillotine) "does not work quite so quick."

But as it happened poor Phœbe was not yet dead—only dying and speechless, as the Commissary of Police, who was in waiting at the door of the hotel, informed Mr. Barlow in broken English. The criminal was in custody elsewhere, but *pauvre madame* was up stairs, and wished to see him. He was conducted to the same room in which he had seen her a few hours ago, but which was now occupied by certain official persons. One of them, a *juge de paix*, informed him in English that he had been taking the declaration of madame, who lay in the inner apartment. A doctor was with her, who would presently summon monsieur to her bedside.

"Is there no hope?" inquired Mr. Barlow, deeply affected.

The magistrate shook his head. "She has received half a dozen stabs, each of which, says the doctor, would be enough to kill her. The bleeding has been averted for the moment, but not before she swooned away. *Ma foi!* what carnage—and what beauty! But monsieur knows her?"

Twenty-four hours ago Mr. Barlow would not, perhaps, have felt complimented at such knowledge being imputed to him; but all that was changed now. To his inward eye the unhappy girl appeared, not a saint, indeed, but a martyr. He bowed his head in grave acquiescence, and asked if it was known why the crime had been committed.

The *juge de paix*, a bright little old man, who applied himself to his snuff-box every other minute in a manner that suggested the pecking of a bird, here shrugged his shoulders and held his head and hands sideways, as though he were clasping an invisible Punch's baton. "Ah, well, I suppose it was the old story. There was an open desk and letters strewn about; madame had been imprudent, and her husband was transported with jealousy."

"Permit me to say that your supposition is entirely incorrect," said Mr. Barlow, quickly. It was offensive to him that this unhappy woman should be thus misrepresented in the very last—and perhaps the best—action of her life. "The cause of quarrel was, I have reason to believe, something entirely different. The desk and letters, it will be found, were the man's, not hers; she was seeking for information on a friend's account, not her own, which, as I apprehend, this fellow resented."

"Resented! *Ma foi!* There is no doubt that he killed her for it. He was a powerful man, and one stab, as I have said, would have been her death-blow; but in his passion he struck again and again."

"Great heavens! How frightful!" exclaimed Mr. Barlow. "How was it, if this happened as you say, that the poor woman could cry out?"

"She did not cry out, or at least no one heard her. The murderer, having done his work, thought himself quite secure. He had packed his carpet-bag, and would have got clean off but for the police, who in Paris are intelligent, prompt, and vigilant to a degree that is astonishing."

It was curious, and struck Mr. Barlow with some disgust, that in this anteroom of death his companion should thus discourse so lightly, even to the extent of praising the local constabulary.

"But, whatever the intelligence of your police," he answered, grimly, "they could scarcely have foreseen the murder before its commission."

"True; but it was not on account of the murder that they were here at all. That was merely a fortunate coincidence; they came to arrest the man for another crime."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for trying to extract money—what is your legal phrase?—well, to extract money under false pretenses. He had been endeavoring to palm off upon certain jewellers sham diamonds in place of real ones. Only, instead of catching a swindler, we caught a murderer."

This tidings, so wholly unexpected, would, under any other circumstances, have both astonished and interested Mr. Barlow; but just now more serious affairs were pressing upon him.

"How was it," he inquired, "that you came to send for me?"

"Well, after the assassin had been secured, madame recovered a little; she gasped out a few words in English, which it was my duty to take down, and they expressed a wish to see you. Moreover, there was a memorandum found upon madame, addressed to you, which presently—"

Here the door of the inner apartment opened, and out came the doctor with grave face, followed by a female servant of the hotel in tears.

"The gentleman is too late," he said, with a glance at the Englishman; "the poor lady is dead."

For one moment the young lawyer's heart had no room for aught but sorrow and pity; but the next the fate of the dead was forgotten in the interests of the living. "Has she, then, died in vain," thought he, "as respects Matthew?"

"Would monsieur like to step in?" inquired the magistrate, pointing to the other apartment.

Monsieur did not like it; was, indeed, very far from liking it; but he somehow felt it to be his duty to see the last of poor Phœbe, so followed the other into the room.

She was lying on one of the two little beds with which the room was furnished, with her eyes closed, and but for the extreme pallor of her face she might have been taken to be asleep. The doctor, from reverence or sentiment, had crossed her hands upon her bosom, and the house-maid had placed in them a little waxen flower which had formed the ornament of the mantel-piece. She might have been a saint, poor soul, so far as looks went.

"Things were very different when I first arrived here," observed the magistrate, after a long silence; "but, you see, we have put them straight."

"In our country," answered Mr. Barlow, in his judicial tone (for his tender feelings had got the better of him, and of course he was ashamed of them), "everything would have been left as it was for official investigation."

"You forget that the poor young lady was alive, monsieur, and yet could not be moved. I made my notes, and then we set things comfortable for her. We are a nation that can not under any circumstances forget our politeness." And the Frenchman bowed, with the palms of his hands outward, as if in illustration of his remark.

"You have done everything you could for my poor country-woman, and I thank you," said Mr. Barlow, warmly. "You spoke of some memorandum."

"Yes; I have it here. I can let you see it, but for the present, of course, it is the property of the Law; that must be our excuse, although it bears your address upon it, for our having possessed ourselves of its contents."

He produced from his breast pocket a little note, unsealed, and folded hurriedly together in a triangular form. Mr. Barlow took it, not without a shudder (for it was covered with blood).

"Yes, indeed," said the other in answer to his look of horror, "it is the saddest of *billet-doux.* The blood on it is madame's heart's blood. It is torn, too. My impression is that there was a struggle for it, during which she thrust it into her bosom, where we found it. In his rage and fear, the assassin, after he had stabbed her, must have forgotten it."

With fingers that trembled as much with emotion as with anxiety, Mr. Barlow unfolded the note, which was literally sodden with blood. The words were straggling, hardly legible, and had evidently been written in great haste or excitement.

"M. H. is still in Moor——No——starving. For God's——haste."

The blanks occurred in the places where the paper had been torn off.

"Does monsieur understand it?" inquired the Frenchman, with great interest.

"Yes, no—that is, but partially. It may be of the greatest importance."

"And it has also, of course, the very deepest interest for monsieur?"

"Indeed, indeed it has," sighed Mr. Barlow.

"Then look, sir. In any other case it would have been my duty to retain it; but in such circumstances as these, when the assassin has, as it were, been taken in the very act, I think the law may waive its right. The note is monsieur's."

"You are most kind," said Mr. Barlow, earnestly. "In return for such unexpected courtesy I can only say that I shall remain at my present address, at your service, in case my testimony in this unhappy matter should be necessary."

Then he turned for a last look at poor Phœbe. As he gazed upon the pale sweet face, never more to know remorse or disgrace, he felt something cold placed gently in his hand. It was a pair of scissors. The action would certainly never have occurred to himself, but, thus suggested, he cut off a lock of the dead woman's hair and placed it in his pocket-book.

"Madame is in heaven; monsieur will consequently meet her again," said the *juge de paix*, consolingly. In his own mind he had not the shadow of a doubt that the blameless Mr. Barlow had been her lover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Continued from No. 1246, page 727.]

A WOMAN ALONE.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

THE next day I had made up my mind to cross the Channel and proceed homeward, but my plans were all upset by last night's conversation. I was a man under a spell; here was the unseen, incomprehensible motive force in which I believed, and which was drawing me toward this mystery, and making this young Frenchwoman a part of my waking life. The dreams had vanished, and she was here in the foreground to ensnare or counsel me—to exercise a supernatural power over me, if she were vain and fond of power. I did not own, I could not think at this time, that it was simply love for her which was affecting me. I had no belief in the love of man for woman. I would more readily place credence in my theory of mysterious attraction, which was but a heart's deep passion under another name. I was a weakling boasting of my strength; but I was close upon my knowledge of the truth, and it would soon dismay me. I did not know what havoc love could make in a man naturally weak, and naturally anxious to be trusted.

We became friends, Virginie and I. The ice once broken between two reserved natures, each alone in a strange country, and each not one-and-twenty, and there was no fearing again of her demeanor toward me. If she did not look up to me, she respected me at last, and the smile with which she met me of a morning, her readiness to converse, to speak of her family and mine, to let me by degrees learn something of her, and tell her not a little of myself, were ties to draw me closer every day. I knew that I loved her then, despite the mystery which still surrounded her, despite the assurance to my heart that she was not telling me her whole history, and that there would be more to learn some day. I could not expect implicit confidence from her, and yet she had had entire confidence from me. I felt that I could trust her; I was only secretly pained that she could not put her faith in me.

Presently she knew all my life, my ambitions, my wild theories, out of many of which she reasoned me with keen, incisive arguments that proved how much stronger and brighter this mind was than my own. She was my junior by eighteen months, but I was like a child in the hands of its mother when she took me to task and railed at my speculations.

"You are very weak, Armand," she said to me one day, and with so pitying a look in her eyes that I winced under it. "I could wish, for your sake, that you were a stronger-minded man."

"You think I am easily led away, then?"

"I hardly know what to think of you," she said, sadly, "or what—"

"Well?" I asked, as she paused.

"—or what will become of you," she added.

"Without you?" I said, impulsively. "Ah! I don't know now."

She colored. She had not been prepared for so hasty an outburst of my feelings. I was not prepared myself. The very misery of my tone of voice perhaps convinced her for the first time of the deep love I had for her. She was surprised, and for a moment abashed. She knew my secret now, and was too wise to seem wholly to misinterpret it. She was above so womanly an affectation.

We were sitting at the pier-head together waiting for the Channel boat's arrival. It was wintry weather, and no one was abroad that day but ourselves. The wind was coming fiercely across the sea, and the clouds were threatening rain. The holiday visitors had all flown homeward, and there was only life and bustle in the little harbor beyond, and two strange hearts trying perhaps to understand each other here, and one failing very miserably.

"You will be soon going home for good now?" she said, after an awkward silence. "I fancy even that your friends are growing anxious."

"What makes you think this?" I asked, quickly.

"Letters come more frequently to you, and you are sad after their perusal."

"Just as if I did not care to return to the home to which I am summoned," I added, with a forced laugh.

"And that is true, too."

"Yes, quite true," I answered, "and you know it."

She regarded me very steadily now, and looked no longer away. The crisis had come, and she was prepared for it.

"Because you leave me here, and after a fashion"—she shivered as with the northern blast—"we have become friends."

"Ah, you speak bitterly," I cried, "but God knows you are a friend that is very dear to me. To lose you is to submerge my whole life, which I would rather part with than say good-by."

"Why this is the raving of a man on the stage, Armand," she said, warmly, "and I will beg of you to cease."

"Oh, I know you don't care for me; that I am never likely to be more in your estimation than a madman and a misanthrope; that we are not even suited for each other; but," I added, "I can't help loving you or saying so any more than I can help breathing. It is the plain truth, and you may as well know it, Virginie."

She looked at me with the same steady, pitying look. "I am very sorry to hear it."

"And it is no news to you," I added.

"I may have feared that this was to be the end of a friendship born in hours of idleness together, and I would have stopped it, if I could, weeks ago. But a woman is powerless."

"Not always."

"I have been waiting for you to speak," she added, frankly, "and for me to end this folly. I am glad it has come thus early, for both our sakes. You will forget me, possibly hate me, all the sooner."

I saw the tears in her eyes before she dashed them away with a quick hand.

"Virginie!—hate you?"

"Love repulsed turns quickly to hate, it is said, and it will be natural on your part. If not now, presently."

"Impossible."

"I don't know," she answered, very thoughtfully. "Your self-love is wounded when I tell you it is hopeless that I can think of you as one dear to me in any way, or as one even with whom I shall be sorry to part."

"Ah, don't say that! Spare me a little."

"Not sorry, because I am sure it is for the best. What would your father say to such a *mésalliance* as you have had in your thoughts? What would he, a French officer and gentleman, think of it—a power in the Senate, a minister of the state? Have you not told me more than once how proud he is? and is there not that about my life which is not to be explained?"

She spoke fearlessly now, but she was startled by my answer. Prepared for many eccentricities on my part, she was not prepared for this.

"My father is proud, but he loves his son," I said; "here is his answer to your question."

"*His* answer?" she cried, in her amazement.

"I have no secrets from him. I wrote and told him all that was in my heart," I said. "I spoke of my love for you, and of the one chance of peace and happiness which it afforded me."

"This was unwise, before you knew or thought—"

"Read his letter, Virginie, and see what he says for himself and—for me."

I put my father's letter in her hands, which trembled very much as she received it; the face was of a new pallor also, and the fresh young lips were quivering as with a grief or pain. Her emotion gave me a new hope, and my heart bounded at once from the depth of despair.

I watched her read the letter. I had a strong faith in its contents impressing her. It was the epistle of a loving father to an only son—of a man who was very anxious for his son's welfare, and had been for years terribly solicitous concerning him.

"I shall be only too happy to see you united to a lady well educated, well born, and amiable," he wrote. "I can know of no bar to such a union, and I have not a word to urge against it. Strange as you are, Armand, I think I can trust your judgment in this matter, and I believe you are not the man to have set your affection on this lady hastily and without fair reflection. More, I believe in her as you do yourself. You give me no particulars of her family. Ask her, should she favor your suit, in due course of time, to put me in communication with her parents, and let us all meet together with full and happy hearts."

There was more than this, news of home and of old friends, but the epistle returned to my love for Virginie again: "Bring her to us at Paris, where we have gone for a holiday. She will be welcome," were his last words.

Virginie read the letter carefully, and by degrees was firm and calm again. "Yes, this is a trusting father," she murmured; "and I have always thought him cruel and exacting—one," she added, quickly, "who by his austerity and want of sympathy with you had driven you from home. See how easy it is to judge, and judge falsely."

"You thought this of my father, Virginie?"

"Yes. You were a man so ill-trained and wild," she answered, "that your youth had been uncared-for or cared for too much, I felt assured. But what would *he* think of me? You have not told him that I am alone here, to many an object of suspicion, and to many more incomprehensible. I am a woman alone; and there is always a doubt over such an anomaly, and the world has a right to be wary of her." She spoke indignantly now, and bent the letter I had given her in the palm of her gloved hand.

"But you can defy the world. There is no mystery which you can not clear. There is—"

"There is nothing but resignation to my position," said Virginie. "I can not defy the world, and it is beyond my power to explain."

"I ask for no explanation; I will be content with you," I cried. "Give me only a hope to win you, and I shall care for nothing else."

"That is romance, and we are in a prosaic world, Armand. Still," she added, after a pause, "I thank you for all your faith in me: it is far more than I deserve."

"And you will—"

"I will think again," she added, with the old puzzled, pitying look returning to her face. "Give me four days to consider everything. Leave me this letter to offer me some strength even—your father's words of faith in the woman his son loves—and meet me here four days hence, in the Christmas week approaching. Will you?"

"Will I?" I cried. "Oh, with what hope and with what prayers will I wait! And meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile leave me to myself. Don't watch me," she added, with a new and terrified look, "for I am afraid of you and of my own strength, and am desperately unhappy. I may remain here, I may disappear, but do not say a word to me again until we meet in this place. Promise."

I promised her, and she rose, and, in an impatient, agitated way, waved me from her. The ordeal of my silence had commenced; the beginning of many hopes and bright visions from a roseate cloud-land had set in, to be followed by hours of deep regrets and unavailing doubts.

It was the traveller Saunders who turned my secret joys and hopes to a grief bitter and inconsolable. He had been away some months, in lieu of weeks, and was full of spirits at the result of his travels, and the commissions he had obtained. In his horrible frankness he told me what he had earned, what business he had transacted, and how immensely he had been admired abroad by everybody—"male and female," he added, with a wink. "And that reminds me of the gray lady. You remember the gray lady, who was here when you came down?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I met her in Paris yesterday, and of all places in the world, guess where?"

"I am not handy at guessing," I said, with a sickening feeling at my heart; "I do not care to guess."

"At the bal masqué at the Opera, then—half a dozen swells with her, and she the biggest swell of all. No more of your gray suits and simpering smiles—oh, trust her!"

"Are you sure of this? This must be a lie, for certain."

"Hello! draw it mild, old fellow, please," he cried.

"She was at the Opera—at a masquerade?"

"I'll swear to her—when she took her mask off, there wasn't a doubt about it. Why, I never saw another face like hers."

"Nor I," was my honest reply. "And what became of her?"

"Oh, I didn't run after her, you may be certain. It was just for a moment, and then, poof!—gone!"

"You may have been deceived."

"I was never deceived in my life," was the boastful reply. "I am a thundering sight too cute for that."

It seemed impossible that I could place credence in this, but it impressed me. She had disappeared from the hotel; the waiter, whom I bribed into my confidence, told me she had left for France by the mail-boat on the very day she had implored my silence. It was so like the truth, and yet so like a dream! I stole away from the hotel: I was afraid of the man Saunders, and what he might tell me presently. I was haunted, and more miserable than ever. When the four days had expired I returned to Folkestone, in the cold, boisterous Christmas week, and took up my place at the little light-house where I had parted from her last.

I believed she would return. In all my agonizing doubts of her, I did not doubt her word. And after that the accusation and the last farewell—the woman triumphant, perhaps, but the man no longer the dupe of his implicit trust in her.

I was before my time; and before its time also, hurled over by a fierce wind and tide, came the Channel boat. It swept in storm-tossed and panting, and I looked down upon its drenched deck from the pier-head as if in search of her, and as if assured she would be there.

And I was not mistaken. It was she, paler and more beautiful even, whose face looked at me from beneath the hood, and did not smile a recognition. By her side, and with her two hands linked upon his arm, was a tall, gray-haired man of some fifty years: for the first time in her life she was not a woman alone to me.

I shrank back; I could have slunk away for good—forever—from her. This was the meeting, then, and this her answer.

I stood by the light-house still. There came a second thought to me, that this could not be the end of all—that she would approach and offer some words of explanation, perhaps of comfort, to me. In my own wild theory I had faith enough yet to believe that she would come to me.

And she came. With her hood thrown back, and tears brimming in her eyes, she advanced, both hands extended to me. The tall man by whom she was accompanied stood like a sentinel in the background, some fifty paces away, as though he respected us, and would leave us to ourselves.

"Virginie," I cried, "you have returned—you have come back to me!"

I had forgotten everything at the sight of her—at the contact of her hands with mine. I remembered only that I loved her desperately.

"Armand, I have come to ask your forgiveness, if you will grant it to me, as I pray you will."

"What does it mean?"

"That I have deceived you, in my own selfish interests, very cruelly, and that I have only your hate to look to."

"That man—who is *he?*"

"My father—an escaped prisoner from the French government, a political refugee who stands at last where tyranny can not touch him. I have been living here and watching here for two years in the hope of his escape. I have waited for him, oh! so long and hopelessly, until you—"

"Your father!" I exclaimed. "Oh, thank God! Let me go to him. Let me—"

"No—please, no—for my sake."

"Is there another mystery?—do I know all the truth, Virginie?"

"Not yet."

"Ha! is it true that you were in Paris at the Opera bal masqué a few nights ago?"

"Quite true," she answered. "I met my father's friends there, and it was in that motley, dissipated crowd some earnest souls plotted his deliverance."

"But—"

"But I was a spy, Armand, to you," she continued. "It was the knowledge that you were travelling in England that set me on your track. Orders were telegraphed to me to seek you out, to make you my friend—you, son of the minister—to deceive you. And," she added, sorrowfully, "I have done so."

"A spy!" I echoed—"a spy!"

"For my father's sake, a spy. Yes, that is all I am, and all I have been, and can ever be to you. And if you will forgive me, knowing how I loved that father, and how cruelly he had been treated by his enemies—if you will only say forgiveness, I shall be happy presently."

"You should be happy now; you have attained all that you strove for. Why should any words of mine be of any comfort?"

"Because it is only you whom I have deceived, and you thought so highly of me, and had so deep a faith. Because," she said, "it was by that letter which you left with me that we forged your father's signature to an order for the immediate release of one terribly unfortunate; because—"

"Ha! I remember. Yes, that *was* treachery."

"It was a daughter's love surmounting every trust but one: because of that, forgive me, Armand, if you can."

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"Because I am going away to make his life content; because you I shall never see again, forgive me—do!"

I was still silent.

"Because I am unhappy even in the midst of my success; because we part thus and forever; because, Armand, I—I had learned to love you very deeply at the last, and knew not what to do."

"Virginie, is this true?"

"Heaven be my witness that it is!" she answered, solemnly.

"Then—"

"Nay, let me go away now, forgiven by the only man I have loved—and deceived. God bless you! Kiss me—and good-by."

She held her face up to me like a little child, and I stooped and kissed it—sign of forgiveness, and of my strange love for her.

Then she tottered away, and would have fallen had I not hastened after her and supported her steps toward the grim man waiting for his daughter.

He raised his hat as we approached, and she passed from me to him, and I saw her no more in all my after-life.

THE END.

AN AMERICAN RACE-HORSE.

On October 28 the Bretby Nursery Handicap Plate, of the value of £300, was won at Newmarket, England, by Mr. J. R. Keene's Foxhall, from a field of seventeen. He carried the top weight, and won cleverly, although the track was very heavy. The New York *World* says of the winner: "Foxhall's success in winning the Bedford Stakes at the second October meeting, and running second at the same meeting to Lord Rosebery's Savoyard for the Ashley Stakes, taken in connection with his winning the Bretby Nursery Handicap, carrying the top weight, proves him to be a colt of more than common merit, and makes it a matter of regret that he is not among the entries for the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix, or the Doncaster St. Leger, but as he will no doubt be entered for all the spring handicaps, he will, if not crushed by weight, show well up in some of them. Foxhall was bred at the Woodburn Stud, and was purchased at the yearling sale in 1879 by Colonel S. D. Bruce for Mr. Keene at a cost of only $650. He is a solid bay, of good size for age, and well developed in bone and muscle. He is by King Alfonso (son of imp. Phaeton and Capitola, by Vandal), dam Jamaica, she by Lexington, out of Fanny Ludlow, by imp. Eclipse." A portrait of Foxhall is given on page 748.

COFFEE ON WHEELS.

Dr. John W. Kennion, formerly a journalist in the city of Brooklyn, has been engaged for the past five years in preaching to the neglected and outcast population of New York, on the public streets, in the hospitals, and wherever else he could get an audience. The results of his labors are said to have been very satisfactory. Large crowds gathered to hear the lay preacher, and many were led to a better course of life. His success is largely due to the common-sense method of his work. If men and women are hungry, he feeds them; if they are homeless, he gives them shelter; if destitute of comfortable clothing, he supplies their needs as far as possible; and if out of work, he finds places for them. At the same time he seeks to reform their lives, and having first made them comfortable in body, he finds them more willing to listen to his exhortations.

In his efforts to reclaim the drunkard he soon found that something more was necessary than the mere advice to him not to drink. If he must not take whiskey, he must have something else, and Dr. Kennion gives him good warm coffee and nice fresh bread. These are borne on a cart made expressly for the purpose, and are served out to all that come. The cups are not the common tin vessels, but nice porcelain-ware, and the poor creatures are delighted to drink from them. The scene of our picture is the square opposite the Roosevelt Street Ferry, where on a Sunday afternoon a crowd had gathered to be fed and to listen to the preaching. It was a promiscuous assemblage, and many of those present were from the very lowest orders of humanity. Dr. Kennion's scheme is a good one, and deserves to be copied extensively in all the large cities. A cup of hot coffee and a piece of good bread given on a cold day to some poor wretch might prevent a murder or a suicide, and in many a case would go far toward redeeming a fallen man.

THE MAYOR-ELECT.

Mr. William R. Grace, Mayor-elect of New York, whose portrait is given on page 749, was born in Queen's County, Ireland, in 1830. His father, a landed proprietor, gave him a liberal education. At the age of nineteen he went to Liverpool as a shipping clerk, and soon afterward, assisted by his father, began business on his own account; but attracted by the opportunities for trade in South America, he went to Peru at the age of twenty-one. There he formed a partnership with Mr. John Bryce, and established a banking, shipping, and commission business in Callao. The enterprise was successful and prosperous, and resulted in a combination of three firms, one of which is in New York, and another in San Francisco. On the retirement of Mr. Bryce, about four years ago, Mr. Grace became the head of the several houses.

In 1865 Mr. Grace established himself in New York. Aside from his own business, he has been president of the Lumber Export Company, a director of the Marine National Bank, the receiver of the Continental Life-insurance Company, and a trustee of the Emigrant Savings-Bank. He has never held a political office, but has frequently taken an active share in party affairs.

Mr. Grace is an active member of the Roman Catholic Church, and a warm friend of Cardinal McCloskey. The attitude of his Church on the public-school question caused very strong opposition to him, and he was elected to the Mayoralty by a small majority; but Mr. Grace, who is a gentleman of high character and probity, has pledged himself to an unsectarian position in regard to the schools, as well as in all other matters of municipal administration.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

For almost every common disease there are scores of remedies which are published in the newspapers of the day as "certain cures." How far these may be relied upon is a matter of doubt, to be solved perhaps only by actual experiment or by consulting a physician who is both candid and unprejudiced. But some of these remedies seem so simple as to be worthy of consideration, and of trial if pronounced safe by the attending physician: for example, the remedy which we see often recommended for whooping-cough, the inhalation of vaporized cresolene. If this suggested remedy is useless or unsafe, some physician of wide experience and undoubted reliability would do a good deed to make the fact known; if it is safe and efficacious, he would be a benefactor to his race who would make the fact widely known. Whooping-cough is a violent and exhausting disease, and far more often fatal than is generally supposed. It is stated that about six thousand deaths from it occur annually in London, and the number in New York city is very large. Microscopists say the cause of whooping-cough is the aggregation of bacteria under the root of the tongue, and that these must be destroyed before relief can be obtained. There is a prevailing feeling that the disease must run its course, and the oft-recurring paroxysms of coughing are deemed inevitable. But many cases have recently been made public in which relief has followed the inhalation of the vapors arising from the purifying boxes in gas-works, and the liquid hydrocarbon called cresolene, evaporated in the closed room of the patient, has caused a cessation of the spasms. The special season for the prevalence of whooping-cough is before us. Thousands of parents would be thankful to know if there is a safe and simple remedy which will prevent the frequent recurrence of the terrible paroxysms which are so exhausting to the sufferer, and so painful to witness.

At Courbevoie, near Paris, a frightful balloon accident recently happened. A foolish gymnast volunteered to perform some athletic feats on a trapeze suspended from a Montgolfier balloon, and a great crowd collected to witness the perilous exhibition. The gymnast refused to be tied to the trapeze, and when the balloon had reached the height of nearly one thousand yards he lost his hold. The awful fall was watched in breathless horror by the spectators, and the body of the exhibitor was crushed beyond recognition.

Since certain facts have been made public concerning Lord Mountmorres, the murder of that Irish landlord is regarded by the English press as even more atrocious than it at first appeared. He was poor, his income being under £100 a year. He worked on his own farm, associating with his tenants on terms of equality. Their non-payment of rent meant starvation to his family, and he had believed that a reduction of ten per cent. would remove cause of complaint, and give him security from danger. He was of a most genial disposition, indulgent and friendly to all, yet he was deliberately shot as an oppressor.

The National Lincoln Monument Association, which was formed some time ago, will be reorganized the coming winter. The plan of the monument is an extensive one. The main structure will be of granite, in three stories, and it is intended to have in all thirty-six colossal bronze statues. The first one, which is of Secretary Chase, has just been cast at the bronze foundry of Clark Mills, the sculptor. There are to be six equestrian statues of prominent generals; other statues of those who were distinguished in various positions during the war; commemorative and typical statues; and the figure of President Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation crowns the whole. Bronze has been supplied by the government in the shape of condemned cannon, but whether this great work will be carried to a successful completion remains to be seen.

Many prominent Irish land-owners, regardless of threats of personal violence, have resolved to go to Ireland and look after their estates themselves. The Marquis of Lansdowne has taken up his residence for the winter on his extensive estates in Kerry; he passed last winter among his Irish tenants, with his wife, and did much for their relief. The Earl of Dunraven will go to his seat, Adare House, Limerick, as soon as he is well enough. Earl Fitzwilliam will take up his residence at Coollattin, in Wicklow, and other landlords will follow this example.

The report that Ooroomiah, Persia, has been besieged by a large body of Kurds, although not fully confirmed, naturally awakens much anxiety for the missionaries who are stationed there. Ooroomiah is the central station of the Nestorian mission, originally established by the American Board, but consigned to the care of the Presbyterian Board a few years ago. Twice during the present century the town has been sacked by the Kurds. The missionaries and their families spend much of the summer and autumn at Mount Seir, a village on a mountain not far from Ooroomiah. But whether there or in the city, if the news telegraphed from Teheran is accurate, their condition must be perilous.

There were less than 150 arrests made by the United States deputy-marshals in this city on November 2 for violation of election laws, and most of those arrested were discharged on investigating the circumstances.

Some years ago an attempt was made to induce all schools and colleges to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Latin words. The old method, by which every nation pronounced Latin according to the rules of its own language, was open to the objection that an English student, meeting a Spanish or German scholar, could not make Latin the mutual language because of differences in pronunciation. But the attempt to make all schools pronounce after the Italian method seems to have been a failure; at least reports have come from many prominent English schools to the effect that the old-fashioned English pronunciation is far more popular, and that the reformed method has met with but little favor even in English universities. If the experiment fails in England, of course there can not be what was desired—a uniformity of pronunciation.

By a new process in connection with grinding wheat, what is known as the "middlings," and formerly considered undesirable, because dark-colored, has become the most desirable part of the grain. By the old methods of grinding, much of the gluten, which is the most nutritious part of the grain, went into the rejected middlings when fine white flour was demanded. The middlings are now subjected to a purifying process by which the bran is carried off; then the purified middlings are reground, and the resulting flour contains the most nutritious portion of the wheat, and commands the highest price in the market.

The English alphabet contains twenty-six letters, the Chinese, two hundred and fourteen. This simple fact may account for the Chinese professor at Harvard having had no pupils as yet. The Chinese is a hard language to learn.

The form of law without its spirit seems to be the French official method. Some curious stories are told in regard to the process of taking the names of travellers at the French frontier, but the following instance of going through a required formula is as good as any:

When Alexandre Dumas and the painter Charles Marchal once presented themselves simultaneously at the door of the Théâtre Dejazet, "Your names, gentlemen?" asked the contrôleur.

"Alexandre Dumas is my name," answered the dramatist.

"So is mine," said the painter.

"Very good, gentlemen. Pass in; your name is on the free list."

The Governor of New York has appointed the 25th of November as a day of thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year. It seems strange that any newspaper should deliberately query whether the majority of people had any cause for gratitude. Every one, doubtless, has experienced a certain measure of sorrow or misfortune; and it may be puzzling to understand in numerous cases why so many more personal troubles befall one person than another. But he must be blind indeed who can not see about him abundant reason for heart-felt thanksgiving.

About four hundred alumni of Columbia College were recently entertained by the trustees at the new college building. Lunch tables were spread in the large hall, the guests freely inspected the building, and some special entertainments made the time pass pleasantly. The oldest alumnus present was Mr. John C. Hamilton, who was graduated in 1809.

A reform in English orthography must necessarily be slow—the work of generations, perhaps of centuries. There is a strong prejudice against changes in the spelling of a word by which its appearance in print is altered sensibly. It is plain that if scholastic men agree that a more simple orthography is desirable, the transition must be very gradual. The Spelling Reform Association was organized—we believe in Philadelphia—about four years ago, and some modifications in the alphabet adopted. Recently the association has recommended the following rules for new spellings:

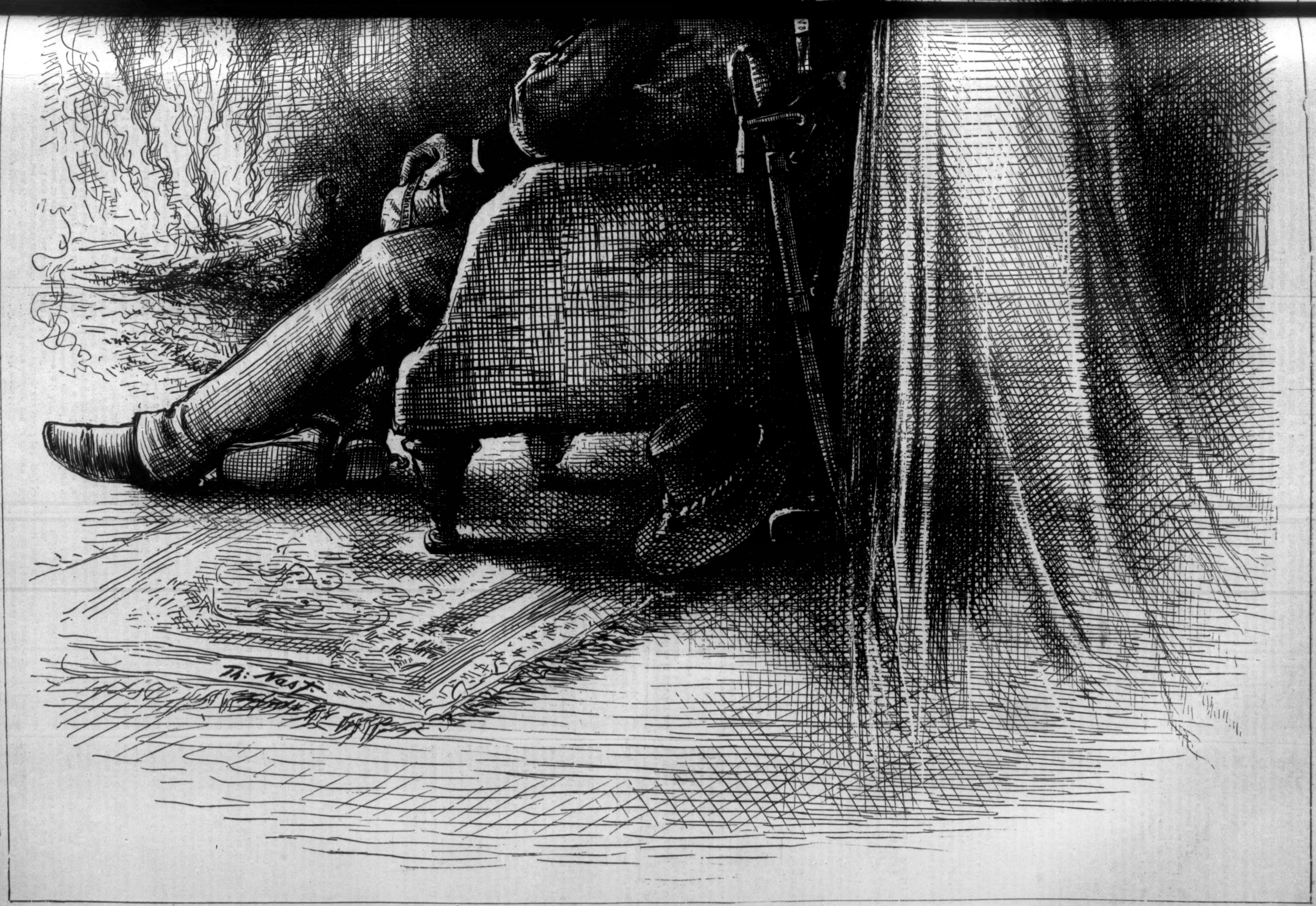
"1. Omit a from the digraph ea when pronounced as e short, as in hed, helth, etc.

"2. Omit silent e after a short vowel, as in hav, giv, liv, definit, infinit, forbad, etc.

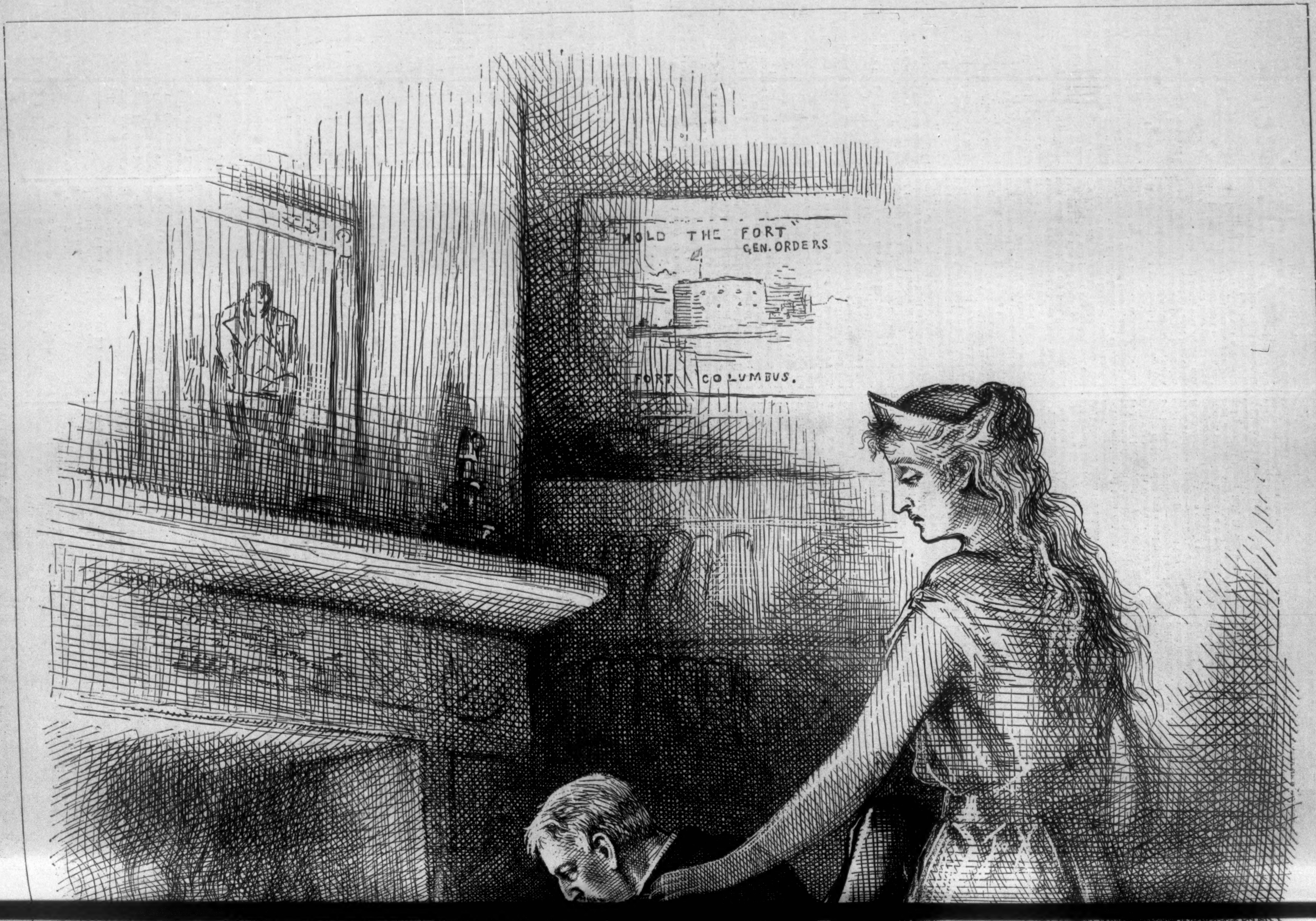
"3. Write f for ph in such words as alfabet, fantom, camfor, filosofy, telegraf, etc.

"4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in shal, wil, clif, eg, etc.

"5. Change ed final to t when it has the sound of t, as in lasht, imprest, fixt, etc."


RETURNS
Th: Nast

"NO CHANGE IS NECESSARY, GENERAL HANCOCK; WE ARE TOO WELL SATISFIED WITH YOUR BRAVE RECORD AS A UNION SOLDIER."


"HOLD THE FORT" GEN. ORDERS
FORT COLUMBUS.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"AND TO THE DINNER FASTE THEY HIM SPEDDE."

MR. MACCLOSKIE'S suggestions for new hot-houses at Goring Abbey were on so large a scale as to necessitate a good deal of consultation with architect and builder before the new constructions and alterations of existing structures were put in hand. The head gardener at South Hill had tried his hardest to secure the whole organization and direction of the work for himself, and to have large powers in the choice of the men who were to carry it out.

"Ye'll not need any architect, Mr. Goring, if ye'll joost let me explain my mind to the builder," said this modest Caledonian. "Architects know a deal about the Parthenon and the Temple of the Winds, and that kind of old-fashioned classical stuff, but there's not one of 'em knows how to plan a good workable hot-house, or to build a flue that won't smoke when the wind's contrairy. Architects are very good for the fronts of club-houses and ceevil-service stores, and that like; but if you trust your new houses to an architect, I'll give odds when they're done there'll be no place for me to put my coals. If you'll just give me free scope—"

"You are very good, Mr. MacCloskie," answered Gerald, with velvety softness, "but my father was a thoroughly practical man, and I believe he knew as much of the science of construction as any man living, yet he always employed an architect when he wanted anything built for himself, were it only a dust-bin. I'll stick to his lines."

"Very well, sir, you must please yourself. But an orchid-house is a creetical thing to build. The outside of it may be as handsome as St. Peter's at Rome, but your orchids won't thrive unless they like the inside arrangements, and for them ye'll want a practical man."

"I'll get a practical man, Mr. MacCloskie, you may be sure of that," answered Gerald, ineffably calm, though the Scot was looking daggers.

The morning before Mrs. Ferrers's family dinner was devoted to the architect who came down from London to Goring Abbey expressly to advise and be instructed. He was entertained at luncheon at the Abbey, and Lina drove over, under her aunt's wing, to meet him, while Gerald's thorough-bred hack—a horse of such perfect good manners that it mattered very little whether his rider had hands or no hands—ambled along the turfy borders of the pleasant country road beside the phaeton.

Daphne had her day all to herself, since, knowing her to be alone at South Hill, Edgar had no excuse for going there, and, as Mr. Turchill argued with himself, a man must give some portion of his life to the dearest old mother and the most picturesque old house in the county. So Edgar, with his fancies flying off and circling about South Hill, contrived to spend a moony day at home, mending his fishing-rods, reviewing his guns, writing a few letters, and going in and out of his mother's homely, old-fashioned morning-room twenty times between breakfast and luncheon.

Mrs. Turchill had been invited to the family dinner, and had accepted, though she was not given to dissipation of any kind, and she and her son found a good deal to say about the coming feast during Edgar's desultory droppings in.

"I hope you'll like her, mother," said Edgar, stopping, with a gun in one hand and an oily rag in the other, to look dreamily across the moat to the quiet meadows beyond, where the dark red Devon cows contrasted deliciously with the fresh green turf, splashed with the golden buttercups and silvery marguerites.

"Like her!" echoed Mrs. Turchill, lifting her soft blue eyes in mild astonishment from her matronly task of darning one of the best damask table-cloths. "Why, she is the sweetest girl I know. I would have given ten years of my life for you to have married her."

This was awkward for Edgar, who had spoken of Daphne, while Mrs. Turchill thought of Madoline.

"Not with my consent, mother," he said, laughing, and reddening as he laughed. "I couldn't have spared a single year. But I wasn't speaking of Madoline just then. I know of old how fond you are of her. I was talking of poor little Daphne, whom you haven't seen since she came from her French school."

"French school!" exclaimed Mrs. Turchill, contemptuously. "I hate the idea of those foreign schools—regular Jesuitical places, where they take girls to operas and theatres, and give them fine notions," pursued the Saxon matron, whose ideas on the subject were slightly mixed. "Why couldn't Sir Vernon send her to the Misses Tompson, at Leamington? That's a respectable school if you like. Good evangelical principles, separate bedrooms, and plain English diet. I hope the French school hasn't spoiled Daphne. She was a pretty little girl with bright hair, I remember, but rather wild ways. Something too much of a tomboy for my taste."

"She was so young, mother, when you saw her last—not fifteen."

"Well, I suppose French governesses have tamed her down, and that she's pretty stiff and prim by this time," said Mrs. Turchill, with chilling indifference.

"No, mother; she is a kind of girl whom no training would ever make conventional. She is thoroughly natural, original even, and doesn't mind what she says."

"That sounds as if she talked slang," said Mrs. Turchill, who, although the kindest of women in her conduct, could be severe of speech on occasion, "and of all things I detest slang in a woman. I hope she is industrious. The idleness of young women of the present day is a crying sin."

Edgar Turchill seemed hardly to be aware of this last remark. He was polishing the gun-metal industriously with that horrible oily rag which accompanied him everywhere on his muddling mornings at home.

"She's accomplished, I suppose—plays, and sings, and paints."

"Ye—es," answered Edgar, faintly, not remembering any special artistic performances of Daphne's except certain attempts on a drawing-block, which had seemed to him too green and too cloudy to lead to much, and which he had never beheld in an advanced stage. "She is awfully fond of reading," he added, in rather a spasmodic manner, after an interval of silent thought. "The poetry she knows would astonish you."

"That would be easy," retorted Mrs. Turchill. "My father and mother didn't approve of poetry, and Cowper and Kirke White were the only poets allowed to be read by us girls at old Miss Tompson's—these ladies are nieces of my Miss Tompson, you know, Edgar."

"How can I help knowing it, mother, when you've told me a hundred and fifty times!" exclaimed her son, more impatiently than his wont.

"Well, Edgar, my dear, if you're tired of my conversation—"

"No, mother darling, not a bit. Go on like an old dear as you are. Only I thought you were rather hard upon poor little Daphne just now."

"How can I be hard upon her when I haven't seen her for the last three years! Dear! dear! what a small place Leamington was in those days!" pursued Mrs. Turchill, musing blandly upon the days of her youth; "but it was much more select. None of these rich people from Birmingham; none of these Londoners coming down to hunt; but a very superior class—invalids, elderly people who came to drink the waters, and to consult Dr. Jephson."

"It must have been lively," murmured Edgar, not deeply interested.

"It was not lively, Edgar, but it was select," corrected Mrs. Turchill, with dignity, as she paused with her head on one side to admire the neatness of her own work.

She was the kindest and best of mothers, but Edgar felt on this particular occasion that she was rather stupid, and a trifle narrow in her ideas. A purely rustic life has its disadvantages, and a life which is one long procession of placid prosperous days, knowing little more variety than the change of the seasons, is apt to blunt the edges of the keenest intellect. She ought to have been more interested in Daphne, Edgar thought.

"She will be delighted with her when she sees her," he reasoned, comforting himself. "She can not help being charmed with a girl who is so thoroughly charming."

And then he took up his gun and his rag, and strolled away to another part of the roomy old house, so soberly and thoroughly old-fashioned, not with the gimcrack spurious old fashion of to-day, but with the grave ponderous realities of centuries ago—walls four feet thick, deep recessed windows, massive untrimmed joists, low ceilings, narrow passages, oak wainscoting, inconveniences and short-comings of all kinds; but the subtle charm of the remote past, the romantic feeling of a house that has many histories, pervading everything. Edgar would not have changed Hawksyard and his three thousand a year for Goring Abbey and a million. The house and the lands around it—or at any rate the lands—had belonged to his race from time immemorial—far back in the dim days of the Heptarchy. Tradition held that the first of the Turchills had been a sokeman who possessed a yard of land on the old feudal tenure, one of his obligations being that he should breed hawks for the king's falconers, and thus the place had come in time to be called Hawksyard, long after the last hawk bred there had flown away to join some wild branch of the honey-buzzard family in the tree-tops of primeval Arden. Edgar liked to believe that the founder of his race had been a sokeman, who had held thirty acres of land from the king at a penny an acre, and had furnished laborers for the royal harvest, and had ridden up and down the field with a wand in his hand to see that his men worked properly. This curious young man was as proud of Turchill the sokeman as of Turchill the high sheriff. If it was a humble origin, its humility was of such ancient date that it became distinction. Turchill of the thirty acres was like Adam, or Paris, or Anchises, and in the long line of the Turchills whose bones were lying in the vaults below Hawksyard Church there had been men distinguished in the field, the church, and the law; men who had fought on sea and land; men who had won power in the state, and used it well, true alike to the king and commons. But the ruck of the Turchills had been country squires like Edgar, and Edgar's father: men who farmed their own land and lived upon it, and who had no ambitions and few interests or desires beyond their native soil.

Hawksyard was a real moated grange. The house formed three sides of a quadrangle, with a heavily buttressed garden wall for the fourth side. The water flowed all round the solid base of the building—a wide deep moat, well stocked with carp and roach. The square inner garden was a prim parterre of the seventeenth century, and there was not a flower grew there more modern than Lord Bacon's day. This was a Turchill fancy. All the novelties and improvements in nineteenth-century horticulture might flourish in the spacious garden on the other side of the moat; but this little bit of ground within the gray old walls was a sacred inclosure, dedicated to the spirit of the past. Here the old yew-trees were clipped into peacocks. Here grew rosemary; lavender; periwinkle, white, purple, and blue; germander; flags; sweet-marjoram; primroses; anemonies; hyacinths; and the rare fritillaria; double white violets, which bloom in April and again at Bartholomew-tide; gilliflowers; sweet-brier; and the musk-rose. Here the brazen sun-dial, on its crumbling stone pedestal, reminded the passer-by that no man is always wise. Here soft mosses, like tawny velvet, crept over the gray wreckage of an abbey that had been destroyed soon after the Grange was built—the stone coffin of a mitred abbot; the crossed legs of a knightly crusader, with a headless heraldic dog at his feet. Here was the small circular fish-pond into which the last of the abbots was supposed to have pitched head-foremost, and incontinently drowned himself, walking alone at midnight in a holy trance.

Mrs. Turchill was almost as fond as Edgar was of Hawksyard, but her affection took a thoroughly commonplace turn. She was not to the manner born. She had come to the Grange from a smart nineteenth-century villa, and though she was very proud of the grave old house of which her husband had made her the mistress, her pride was mingled with an idea that Hawksyard was inconvenient, and that its old fashion was a thing to be apologized for and deprecated at every turn. Her chief delight was in keeping her house in order, and her servants were drilled to an almost impossible perfection in every duty appertaining to house-cleaning. Nobody's brasses, or oak floors, or furniture, or family plate, ever looked so bright as Mrs. Turchill's. Nowhere were windows so spotless; nowhere was linen so exquisitely white or of such satin-like smoothness. Mrs. Turchill lived for these things. When she was in London or at the sea-side, she would be miserable on rainy days at the idea that Jane or Mary would leave the windows open, and that the brass fenders and fire-irons were all going to ruin.

Edgar spent a moony, purposeless day, dawdling a good deal in the garden on the other side of the moat, where the long old-fashioned borders were full of tall white lilies and red moss-roses, vivid scarlet geranium, heliotrope, and calceolaria—a feast of sweet scents and bright colors. There was a long and wide lawn without a flower bed on it—a level expanse of grass; and on the side opposite the flowery border a row of good old mulberry and walnut trees; then came a light iron fence, and a world of meadow-land beyond it. There was no pretense of a park. There was not even a shrubbery, only that straight row of old trees standing up out of the grass, with a gravel-walk between them and the fence, across which Edgar used to feed and fondle his cows, or the brood-mares and their foals.

He looked round his domain doubtfully to-day, wondering if it were good enough for Daphne, this poor table-land of a garden; a flat lawn, a long old-fashioned border crammed with homely flowers, the yew-tree arbor at the end of yonder walk. How poor a thing it seemed after South Hill, with its picturesque timber and lovely view, its broad terrace and sloping lawn, its rich variety of shrubs and conifers!

"It isn't because I am fond of the place that she would care for it," he told himself, despondently. "I'm afraid there's nothing romantic or striking about it—except the moat: I'm glad she's so fond of water."

Edgar smoked a cigarette or two under the mulberry-trees, looked at his cows, talked to some of his men, and thus contrived to wear away time till the clock over the gateway struck five.

"Mother's tea-time; I'll go and have a cup with her," he said to himself. Going out to dinner was a tremendous piece of business with Mrs. Turchill. She was more serious and solemn about it than a strictly modern lady would feel about going to be married. Even in an instance of this kind, where the dinner was supposed to be entirely unceremonious, a friendly little gathering arranged on the spur of the moment, she was still full of fuss and preparation. She had spent an hour in her bed-chamber before luncheon, arranging and discussing with her maid Deborah what gown she would or would not wear on the occasion, and this involved a taking out and unfolding of all her dinner gowns, and an offering of divers laces upon divers bodices to see which went best with which. A review of this kind generally ended by a decision in favor of black velvet, or satin, or silk, or brocade, as the case might be, Mrs. Turchill being much richer in gowns than in opportunities for wearing them.

"I always like myself best in black," she would say, with a glance at the reflection of her somewhat florid complexion in the Chippendale glass.

"You always look the lady in your velvet, mum," Deborah would answer, sententiously.

Then, after a day of quiet usefulness about her house, the worthy matron would collect her energies over a leisurely cup of tea, and perhaps allow herself the refreshment of a nap after her tea, before she began the solemn business of the toilet.

The carriage had been ordered for a quarter past seven, though it was but half an hour's drive to Arden Rectory, and at seven o'clock Mrs. Turchill was seated in the white parlor in all the dignity of her velvet gown and point-lace cap, her hereditary amethysts—supposed to be second only to those once possessed by George the Third's virtuous consort—and her scarlet and gold Indian shawl. She was a comely matron, with a complexion that had never been damaged by cark or care, gas or late hours: a rosy-faced country-bred dame, with bright blue eyes, white teeth, and plentiful brown hair, in which the silver threads were hardly visible.

Edgar was standing by the open window, just where he had stood in the morning with his gun, sorely perplexed as to the disposal of those fifteen minutes which had to be got through before the most punctual of coachmen would bring the carriage to the door. The London papers were lying unheeded on the table; but Edgar had felt very little interest of late in the welfare of nations, or even in the last dreadful murder in Whitechapel.

"I hope my cap is right," said Mrs. Turchill, anxiously.

"How could it be wrong, mother, when you've Deborah and your looking-glass, and have never been known to dress yourself in a hurry?"

"I dislike doing anything in a hurry, Edgar. It is against my principles. But I never feel sure about the set of my cap. I am afraid Deborah's eye is not quite correct, and a glass is dreadfully deceiving. I wish you'd look, Edgar, if it isn't too much trouble."

This was said reproachfully, as her son was kneeling on the window-seat looking idly down into the moat, as if he wanted to discover the whereabouts of an ancient pike that evaded him last year.

"My dear mother," he exclaimed, turning himself about to survey her, "to my eye—which may be no better than Deborah's—that lace arrangement which you call a cap appears mathematically exact, as precise as your own straight, honest mind. There's Dobson with the carriage. Come along, mother."

He led her out, established her comfortably in her own particular seat in the large landau, and seated himself opposite to her with a beaming countenance.

"How happy you look, Edgar!" said Mrs. Turchill, wondering at this unusual radiance. "One would think it were a novelty to you to dine out. Yet I am sure," somewhat plaintively, "you don't very often dine at home."

"The Rectory dinners are not to be despised, mother."

"Mrs. Ferrers is an excellent manager, and does everything very nicely; but as you don't care very much what you eat, that would hardly make you so elated. I am rather surprised that you care about meeting Madoline and Mr. Goring so often," added Mrs. Turchill, who had not quite forgiven Lina for having refused to marry her son. That is the worst of making a confidante of a mother. She has an inconveniently long memory.

"I have nothing but kindly feelings for either of them," answered Edgar. "Don't you know the old song, mother—'Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair?' I don't look much like wasting in despair, do I, old lady?"

"I should be very sorry to see you unhappy, Edgar, but I shall never love any wife of yours as well as I could have loved Madoline."

"Don't say that, mother. That's too hard on the future Mrs. Turchill."

This was a curious speech from a youth who six months ago had protested that he should never marry. But perhaps this was only Edgar's fun. Mrs. Turchill shared the common delusion of mothers, and thought her son a particularly humorous young man.

What a sweetly Arcadian retreat Arden Rectory looked on this fair summer evening, and how savory the odor of a sole au gratin which blended with the flowery perfumes of the low-panelled hall! The guests had wandered out through the window of the small drawing-room to the veranda and lawn in front of it. That long French window was a blot upon the architectural beauty of the half-timbered Tudor cottage, but it was very useful for circulation between drawing-room and garden.

Mrs. Ferrers and Madoline were sitting under the veranda; Daphne was standing a little off on the lawn talking to the rector and Gerald Goring. She was speaking with intense animation, her face full of brightness. Edgar darted off to join this group, directly he had shaken hands with the two ladies, leaving his mother to subside into one of those new-fangled bamboo chairs which she felt assured would leave its basket-work impression on her velvet gown.

"Edgar," cried Daphne, as he came toward her, "did you ever hear of such a heathen—a man born on the soil—a very pagan!"

"Who is the culprit?" asked Edgar; "and what has he done?"

"Mr. Goring has never seen Ann Hathaway's cottage."

"I don't believe he knew who Ann Hathaway was till we told him," said the rector, with his fat laugh.

"And he has ridden and driven through Shottery hundreds of times, and he never stopped to look at the cottage where Shakspeare—the most wonderful man in the whole world—wooed and won his wife!"

"I have heard it dimly suggested that she wooed and won him," remarked Gerald, placidly: "she was old enough."

"You are too horrid," cried Daphne. "Would you be surprised to hear that Americans cross the Atlantic—three thousand miles of storm and tempest and seasickness—on purpose to see Stratford-on-Avon, and Shottery, and Wilmcote, and Snitterfield?"

"I could believe anything of a Yankee," answered Gerald, unmoved by these reproaches. "But why Wilmcote? why Snitterfield? They are as poky little settlements as you could find in any agricultural district."

"Did you ever hear of such hideous ignorance!" cried Daphne, "and in a son of the soil! You are most unworthy of the honor of having been raised in Shakspeare's country. Why, John Shakspeare was born at Snitterfield, and Mary Arden lived with her father at Wilmcote, and it was there he courted her."

"John—Mary—oh, relations of the poet's, I suppose?" inquired Gerald, easily.

"This is revolting," exclaimed Daphne; "but he is shamming—he must be shamming."

"Punish him for his ignorance, whether it is real or pretended. Make him row us all down to Stratford to-morrow morning, and then we'll walk him over to Shottery, and make him give a new gown to the nice old woman who keeps the cottage."

"A new gown," echoed Daphne, contemptuously; "he ought to be made to give her a cow—a beautiful mouse-colored Channel Island cow."

"I'll give her anything you like, as long as you don't bore me to death about Shakspeare. I hate sights and lions of all kinds. I went through Frankfort without looking at the house where Goethe was born."

"A depraved desire to be singular," said the rector. "I think he ought to forfeit a cow to Mrs. Baker. Rhoda, my love," glancing furtively at his watch, "our friends are all here. Todd is usually more punctual."

Mrs. Ferrers, Lina, and Mrs. Turchill had strolled out to join the others. The prim rustic matron was looking at Daphne with astonishment rather than admiration. She was pretty, no doubt. Mrs. Turchill had never seen a more transparent complexion, or lovelier eyes; but there was a reckless vivacity about the girl's manner which horrified the thoroughly British matron.

"Daphne," said Edgar, "I hope you haven't forgotten my mother. Mother, this is Daphne."

Mrs. Turchill drew back a pace or two and sank gracefully in the courtesy which she had been taught by the Leamington dancing-master, an undoubted Parisian—five-and-thirty years ago. After the courtesy she extended her hand, and allowed Daphne to shake it.

"Come, Mrs. Turchill," said the rector, offering his arm. "Goring, bring Miss Lawford; Turchill will take care of my wife; and Daphne"—he paused, smiling at the fair young face and slender girlish figure in soft white muslin—"Daphne shall have my other arm, and sit on my left hand. I feel there is a bond of friendship between us now that I find she is so fond of Shakspeare."

"I'm afraid I know Hamlet's soliloquies better than I do my duty to my neighbor," said Daphne on the way to the dining-room, remembering how the vicar used to glower at her under his heavy brows when she broke down in that portion of the Church Catechism.

Mrs. Ferrers, from her opposite seat at the oval table, had a full view of her husband's demeanor across the roses and maiden-hair ferns and old Derby crimson and purple dessert dishes. It was rather trying to her to see that he devoted himself entirely to Daphne during the pauses of the meal, and that, while he as in duty bound provided for all Mrs. Turchill's bodily needs, and was solicitous that she should do ample justice to his wines and his dishes, he allowed her mind to starve upon the merest scraps of speech dropped into her ear at long intervals.

Nor was Edgar much better behaved to Mrs. Ferrers, for he sank into such a slough of despond at finding himself separated from Daphne, that his conversational resources ran suddenly dry, and Rhoda's lively inquiries about the plays and pictures he had just been seeing elicited only the humiliating fact that she, who had not seen them, knew a great deal more about them than he who had.

"What did you think of Millais's landscape?" she asked.

"Was there a landscape by Millais? I thought he was a portrait painter."

This looked hopeless, but she tried again.

"And Frith's picture; you saw that of course."

"No, I didn't," he replied, brightening, "but I saw the people looking at it. It was immensely good, I believe. There was a railing, and a policeman to make the people move on. My mother was delighted. She and another lady trod on each other's gowns in their eagerness to get at the picture. I believe they would have come to blows if it hadn't been for the policeman."

"And there was Miss Thompson's picture."

"Yes; and another crowd. That is the sort of picture mother enjoys. I think the harder the struggle is, the better she likes the picture."

Gerald and Madoline were sitting side by side talking as happily as if they had been in Eden. All the world might have heard their conversation—there were no secrets, no exchange of confidences—and yet they were as far away from the world about them, and as completely out of it, as if they had been in the planet Venus, shining so calmly yonder above the willows, and sending one tremulous arrow of light deep down into the dark brown river. To these two Mrs. Todd's most careful achievements were as nothing: her sole au gratin might have been served with horse-radish sauce—or fried onions; her vol-au-vent might have been as heavy as suet pudding; her blanquette might have been bill-stickers' paste; her soufflé might have been flavored with peppermint instead of vanilla: and they would hardly have discovered that there was anything wrong.

And what delight it was by-and-by to wander out into the cool garden, leaving the rector to prose to poor Edgar over his Chambertin, and to lose themselves in the shadowy shrubbery, where the perfume of broom and seringa seemed intensified by the darkness! Daphne sat in the quaint old candle-like drawing-room, conversing with the two matrons; Aunt Rhoda inclined to lecture, Mrs. Turchill inclined to sleepiness, having eaten a more elaborate dinner than she was used to, and feeling an uncomfortable tightness in the region of her velvet waistband.

Edgar got away from the rector as soon as he decently could, and came to the relief of the damsel.

"Well, mother, how are you and Daphne getting on?" he asked, cheerily. "I hope you have made her promise to come to see you at Hawksyard."

Mrs. Turchill started from semi-somnolence, and her waistband gave a little creak.

"I shall be delighted if Madoline will bring her sister to call on me some day," she replied, stiffly, addressing herself to nobody in particular.

"Call on you—some day! What an invitation!" cried Edgar. "Why, mother, what has become of your old-fashioned hospitality? I want Daphne to come and stay with you, and to run about the house with you, and help you in your dairy and poultry-yard—and—get used to the place."

Get used to the place! Why should Daphne get used to the place? For what reason was a fair-haired chit in a white frock suddenly projected upon Mrs. Turchill's cows and poultry?—cows as sacred in her mind as if she had been a Hindoo; poultry which she only allowed the most trusted of her dependents to attend upon. She felt a sudden sinking of the heart, which was much worse than after-dinner tightness. Could it be that Edgar, her cherished Edgar, was going to throw himself away upon such a frivolous chit as this—a mere school-girl, without the slightest pretension to deportment?

Daphne all this time sat in a low basket-chair by the open window, and looked up at Edgar with calm friendly eyes—eyes which were at least without guile when they looked at him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

[From the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle.*]

One of the most significant and gratifying features of the present political campaign has been the enthusiasm which the young men of both parties have manifested. There is an excitement connected with the stirring accompaniments of a Presidential election period that is fascinating to youth.

The young ladies, too, have been considerably aroused, and have taken pleasure in doing all they could to stimulate the boys, and help on the good cause which they and theirs most preferred. We say this is a good sign. It is a healthful sign; but it is also an exceptional one. It ought to be the rule. Judge Tourgee tells us that you can not get a company together in the South for any length of time without talking politics. The better classes of the whites at the South had little else to do before the war but to discuss politics, and ways and means of perpetuating the cherished institution of human slavery. Since emancipation the negro has certainly felt it his duty to follow in the footsteps of his old master, and politics and religion is the cycle of his social converse. But the North takes to politics much as the strong man takes to physic—only when it is absolutely necessary—but it does not really crave it. Foreigners have noticed this marked difference between the North and South. The North devotes its energies to business, and relegates to about one man in ten the work of looking after the political conscience. Nevertheless, when he undertakes to discharge political duty personally, it is so emphatically done that no man may mistake his meaning. There are very nearly a hundred thousand office-holders in this country, and they and their retainers keep the political pot a-boiling in the intervals of elections. During a Presidential campaign, however, in which great interests are at stake, the people come forward, and the pot may be said to keep itself a-boiling.

We do not know that politics will ever be the daily conversation of the North as it is of the South, but it seems to us that we might cultivate the science somewhat more thoroughly with manifest advantage. We are so cultivating it. Fifty years ago our colleges gave themselves almost exclusively to courses of study that would furnish a student for the functions of the sacred office. Very little of politics or of political economy was then studied, and as a consequence there was, after the withdrawal, as Van Holst says, of the scholarship of the country from active politics, little inspiration in the young man's studies, or attraction in political life, to a devotion to affairs. Now, however, the conditions are changed. Academic and collegiate studies cover a broader field than they did fifty years ago, and they include in that field the theory, history, and practice of government, political and social economy, and the doctrines and history of the political parties. There are, moreover, increasing attractions in public life. The public service is not remunerative, but it is honorable, and men of means and leisure and brains find it an agreeable occupation for their unengaged time.

We may not expect, then, that the fervor of a Presidential election will be maintained at its present white heat. Indeed, the young man who one month hence shall attempt to force political conversation will be looked upon with suspicion. When the present issue is settled, the people will relapse into apparent indifference, and double their diligence in securing the "staff of life" and the "wherewithal" to cancel the January bills. It is well that it is such, so long as we have many evidences on every hand that there is, after all, more real and substantial interest taken in politics to-day than there was in the years before the war. And parents owe it to their country and to their sons and their daughters to familiarize them with the distinctive features of our government, and the salient points in the history of political parties and the leading question of the day. The solemnity of the duty of voting should be early impressed on the mind of American youth. "I care not," may be said, "how politicians may plot, if the people will exercise individual judgment, and vote their conscientious conclusions." It is the ballot that is the final arbiter, and that should be pure, undefiled, incorruptible, stalwart. In one of the plays enacted at the opera-house not long ago, a robustious Englishman, with cup in hand, being expostulated with for his intemperance, exclaimed, "Drink! why, that's a duty every Englishman owes to his country." His philosophy was wretched, but as Americans we may boldly exclaim, "Vote! why, that's a duty every citizen owes to his country," and none may gainsay it. This is the plain duty of the citizen, and he can not shirk it with impunity. Every father in the land ought to put Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans* into the hand of every son and daughter. He could do them no better favor; he could confer no greater obligation on the state than thus to educate his children in the essential duties of citizenship.

THE FOUNDING OF A CITY—ST. LOUIS.

In the summer of 1763, amidst the general interest of the people of New Orleans, a rude boat or scow set out upon its solitary voyage up the Mississippi to found a new city in the wilderness. It was commanded by Pierre Ligueste Laclede, a Frenchman who had wandered from the declivities of the Pyrenees, and found a home in America. He was a dark, small, agile man, a trader and adventurer, who loved the wild woods, and was hardened to toil and weather. He was unmarried, and seemed to care only for his colony. His companions were twenty or thirty traders, trappers, mechanics, and a few farmers; his boat was laden with coarse goods to be sold to the savages, and with some implements of war and agriculture. New Orleans, it is said, a small French town, was full of excitement at the prospect of opening a new world of trade, and of exploring more carefully the great river whose desolate shores were still known only to a few; and as the rude vessel set out on its slow voyage it was followed by the good wishes of the impulsive people. Ligueste made his way beyond the solitary settlement at Natchez, passed the untenanted cliffs of Vicksburg and Memphis, and reached the mouth of the Missouri. He turned back, and on a fine and swelling plateau that rose high above the angry floods of the Mississippi, pointed out the site where he would plant his little colony. Here, he exclaimed, with the pride of a founder, would spring up one of the finest cities of America; here he hoped the French name and language would ever flourish, and called it after his native king, St. Louis. Here he may have fancied a new France would appear in the wilderness, and his name descend among his countrymen as the chief of their explorers.

But one grave disappointment already hung over the bold colonists of St. Louis. Already the vast possessions which France had once held in America had passed from the hands of its feeble king. In 1757 the French held the greater part of North America, and encircled the English colonies with a line of hostile fortresses. At Quebec they ruled over the unexplored limits of Canada; in the far West their settlements reached from the lakes to Illinois and the Mississippi; while at New Orleans they commanded the mouth of the great river, and governed all the sources of its trade: at one moment they may have hoped to expel the English intruders from the limits of Kentucky, and drive them slowly from Western Pennsylvania and New York. But all these fair schemes had been shattered by the disasters of the recent war. Quebec had fallen, Canada was conquered. When Ligueste arrived at the lonely site of St. Louis he learned that all the country east of the river had been ceded to the English; and scarcely had he founded his colony, the source, he had hoped, of a new empire for France, than news arrived that the whole territory west of the river, with New Orleans itself, had been transferred to the Spanish king. By 1763 France had wholly abandoned all claim to a share in North America. Its immense possessions passed suddenly away, and the people of New Orleans and St. Louis, with intense indignation, found themselves called upon to obey a Spanish rule.

It was in February, 1764, when the ice still lingered in the river, that Ligueste and his settlers landed on the broad plateau. The season was inclement, the air cold. They built a few houses of logs, and with songs and laughter disturbed the primeval silence. Along the river ran a ridge of forest, behind them lay a boundless prairie. They were lost in the wilderness, surrounded by countless savages; but the French seem to have possessed a natural attraction for the people of the woods, and the Missouri Indians did them no harm. They only crowded around their cabins, begging and sometimes stealing, and readily sold their furs to Ligueste, who soon engrossed the chief part of the trade. The town grew under his eye. French settlers came from the villages on the Illinois side to avoid the English rule; and one famous immigrant from the Northwest was St. Ange, a French general, the companion in arms of Pontiac. He formed a close friendship with Ligueste. Of the early settlers, Chouteau, a young and ardent Frenchman, was one of the most noted, with Labadie and Cerré. A mill was built, a house of logs covered with mud, a small fort, a park laid out, and a Place d'Armes. The Indians as yet seemed friendly. In 1769 Pontiac, once king of all the West, the scourge of the English settlements, came to visit his old friend St. Ange, and was hospitably entertained at his house. All the people of St. Louis came to gaze at their once powerful friend. But Pontiac was like a fallen oak, a dying tree struck by the lightning. He had lost his influence, and yielded to the fire-water of the whites. One day he crossed to the Illinois side, and was killed by a Kaskaskian Indian, his mortal foe. His body was recovered, and by the care of St. Ange and the favor of the people of St. Louis the woodland king was buried with stately rites on the banks of the Father of Rivers.

Ligueste, St. Ange, Chouteau, had hoped to found a city as purely French as Bordeaux or Rouen, and even in 1766 sighed for the rule of a native king. New Orleans, discontented, rebellious, had driven away Don Antonio Ulloa, the first Spanish Governor who had come to its wharves, and the gay people still clung to their ancestral race. But in 1770 Don Alexander O'Reilly, with a Spanish force, landed at New Orleans. He made short shrift with the murmuring French; five of the most active of the malcontents he ordered to be shot, six he sent to pine away in the hot prisons of Havana. The sorrowful people submitted to their oppressor, and when a Spanish official came to St. Louis it obeyed the conquerors. It became a Spanish city. The Spanish rule was mild, the French titles were respected. Ligueste lived quietly in his rude mansion in the midst of a large estate on Market, Walnut, Main, and Second streets, and died in 1778. Main Street was at first La Rue Royale; an enormous traffic now covers the bluff where Ligueste and St. Ange lived in a primeval solitude. When the American Revolution began, the Spanish government took the side of the colonists; the French aided us, possibly not altogether without a hope of recovering their vast possessions in America. But the war had nearly proved fatal to St. Louis. The Indian tribes on the eastern side of the river, roused to fury by the English emissaries, planned its destruction. They knew that it was the custom of the people to go out every morning to till the land behind the city, and the savages prepared to attack them at their work. On the 26th of May, 1780, a band of hostile Indians crossed the river, glided stealthily to the rear of the town, and surprised the unlucky people. Forty were killed, others taken prisoners. But a wall had been raised around the town five feet high, and a cannon was discharged into the midst of the assailants as they approached the gate. They fled dismayed. The cowardly Spanish Governor remained shut in his house until the danger had passed, and the people saved themselves. The prisoners were carried away into the wilderness by the Indians, and the narratives of those who returned tell of their hardships and perils in language that recalls the most startling of Cooper's tales.

Peace came; St. Louis sank into repose. Among the remarkable events of its early history was the gathering of a band of pirates on a lofty rock, called Grand Tower, between St. Louis and the Ohio. A desperate gang, of all races and colors, they preyed upon the honest traders of the Mississippi, and were only dislodged by a strong force. In 1785 the river rose so high as nearly to sweep away the whole settlement. In 1800 Spain ceded the territory to Napoleon, and in 1803 it was purchased by the United States. St. Louis became a republican city. It was destined to profit most largely by the growth of republican principles, to share in the progressive impulses of the New World, and to remember the periods when it obeyed its French and Spanish kings as only the presage of a better future. St. Louis is one of the oldest of the Western towns. Pittsburgh was founded in 1784; Louisville, 1788; Cincinnati, 1789. The Northwestern cities are far later in origin. Chicago was laid out in 1830, and Milwaukee founded in 1834. In 1821 St. Louis had a population of 5500; in 1880 it has become, as Ligueste foretold, one of the finest of the cities of America. It numbers probably half a million of people. Its name has spread over the world as one of the centres of advancing trade. The rivalry between Chicago and St. Louis in wealth, population, and, we trust, above all, in honesty and patriotism, is one of the striking circumstances of Western progress. Both, no doubt, well deserve success. But could Pierre Ligueste Laclede and his friend St. Ange look down upon the modern St. Louis, crowded with the products of the West, rich in the traits of advancing civilization, one of the capitals of freedom, they would retrace its history with exultation, and rejoice that it had become free; that no taint of Bourbonism lingered on the banks of the Father of Rivers; that a pure republicanism was making its way among its people; that it had been snatched from the grasp of rebellion and reaction, and was hereafter to be known for its devotion to the Union, whence had come all its prosperity. No city among us has had a more romantic history, although the history of every city has an intense and lasting interest.

Eugene Lawrence.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

It is difficult to become familiar with the wheels of a watch, so many of them travel incog.

Said she to him, "Do you not admire Tennyson's 'Talking Oak!'" "'Talking Oak?' Never heard of such a thing—lemme see, though; I have heard of a corn stalk."

The Postmaster-General should suppress matrimony by all means, for matrimony is a lottery.

A newly married couple were sitting in a palace-car, when she said, "Georgie, ain't you glad? we're relatives now."

Bill for Repairing—The clergyman's fee for your second marriage.

Might not the act of extinguishing a fire in a bookstore, although no joke, be called a play upon words?

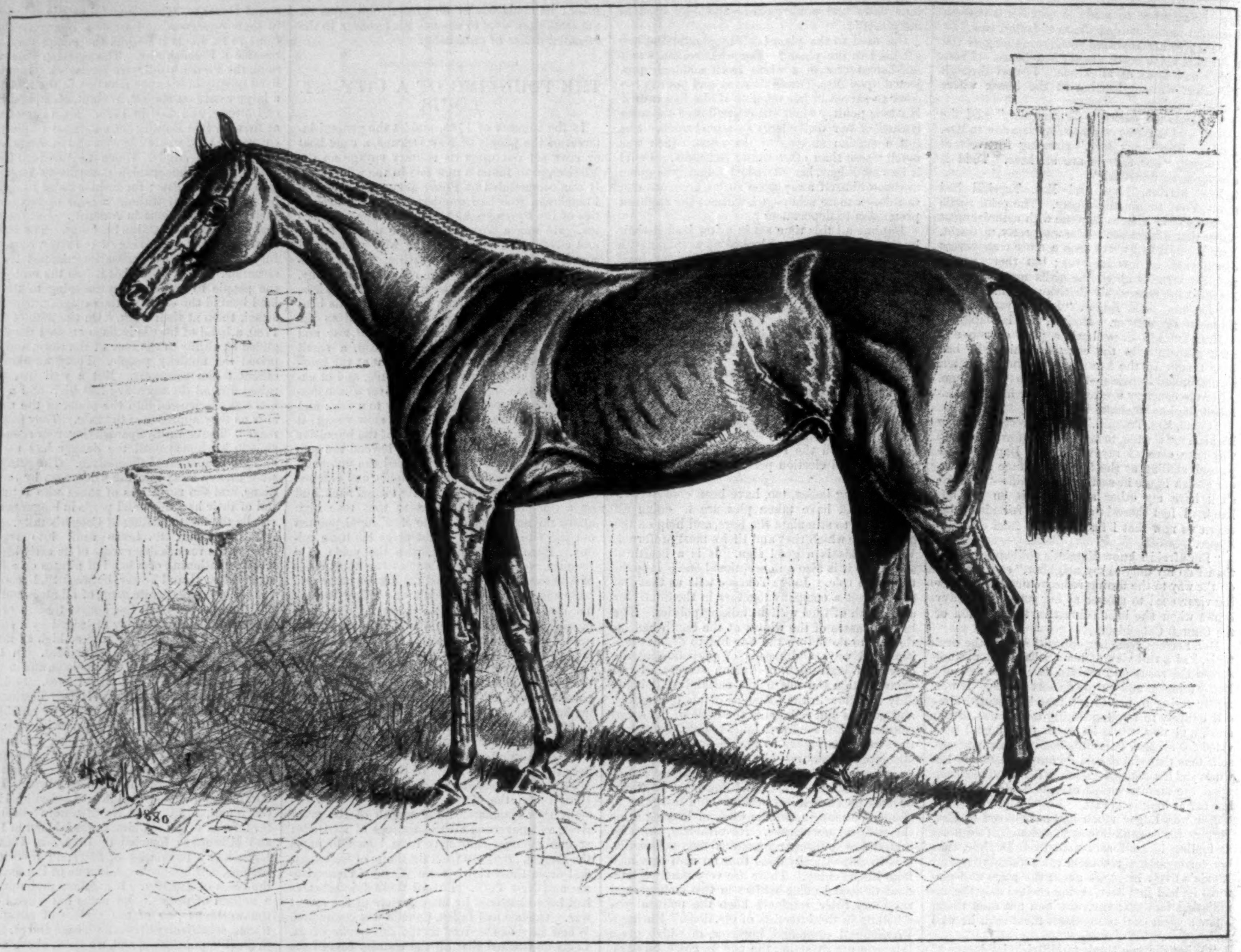
An English servant-girl, who had returned from the United States to visit her home, was told that she "looked really aristocratic"; to which she responded, "Yes; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty-cent piece is shoved on him.

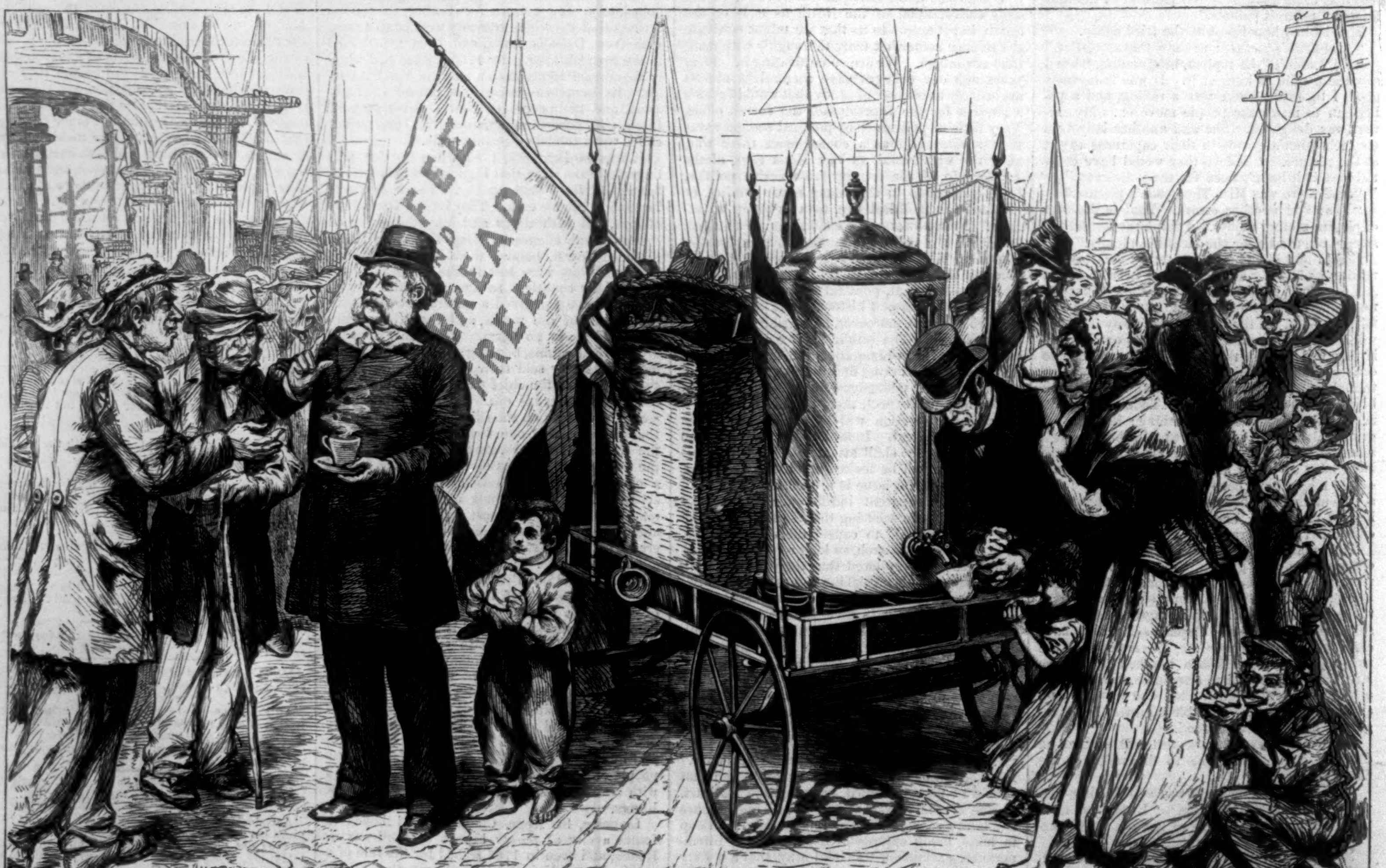
A Galveston woman, just married, wishing to impress her husband with her ability as a housekeeper, bawled out to the servant as she entered the door, "Matildy, bring me the wash-board; I want to wash the potatoes for dinner."

A Philadelphia quack informs the public that he is not exclusive. "If a patient wants it gentle and mild, I'm a homœopath; and when anybody wants thunder and lightning, I'm an allopath."

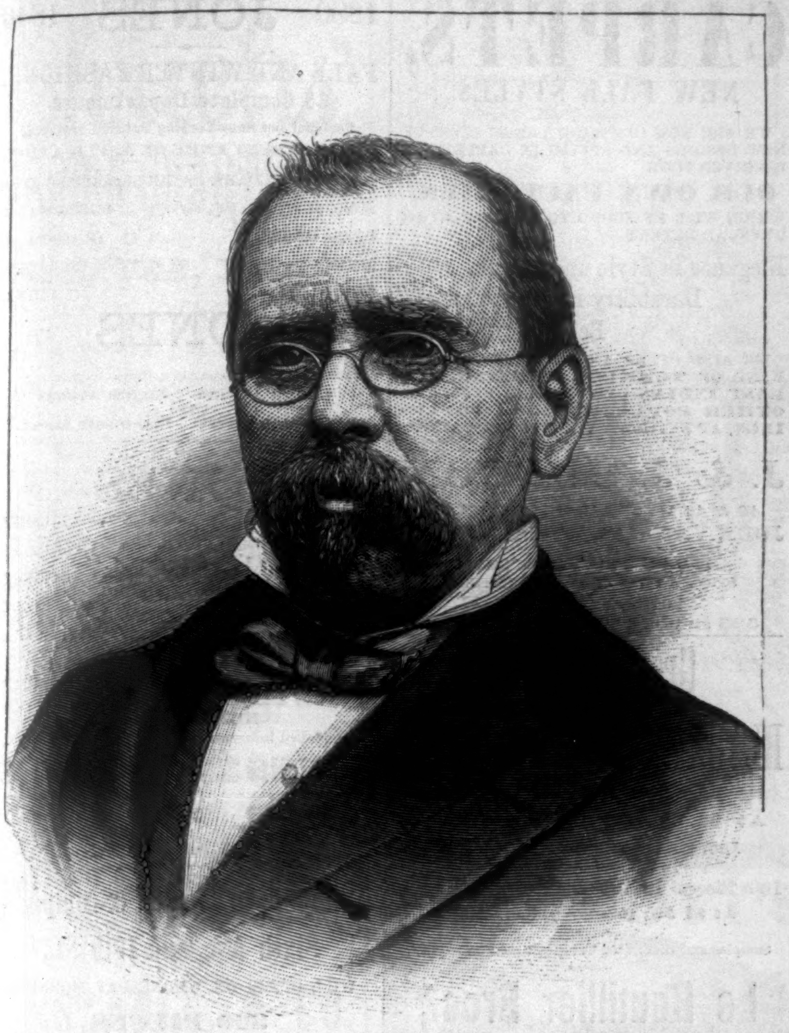
A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner table. A waiter approached one of the members and said, "Soup?" "No, sir," replied the guest; "I am one of the musicians."



AN AMERICAN RACER IN ENGLAND—MR. KEENE'S "FOXHALL," WINNER OF THE BRETBY NURSERY PLATE.—DRAWN BY H. STULL.—[SEE PAGE 743.]


FEE
BREAD
FREE
W. A. ROGERS.

DR. KENNION'S STREET COFFEE-URN CART—A GOOD TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

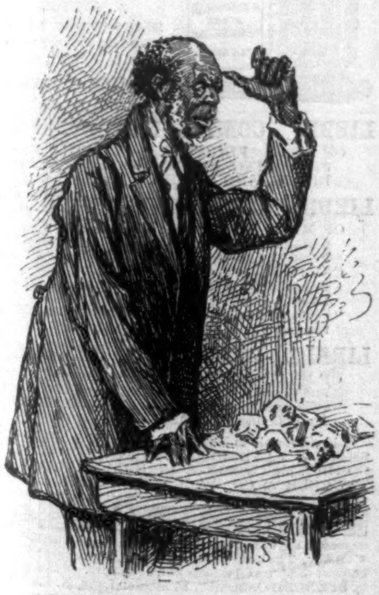


WILLIAM R. GRACE, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK.—PHOT. BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

INSIDE SOUTHERN CABINS.

GEORGIA.—II.

I FOUND the negro women, almost without exception, full of superstitions; one of the most singular is the supernatural power which they attribute to May water; that is, the first rain that falls in May. All of them bottle a large quantity of it, and they assured me it kept quite sweet for a year. They use it to make lotions, salves, tonics, etc., and they confidently affirm that any one caught accidentally in the first rain of May is safe from all contagious diseases for that year. If possible, they have a sunflower patch, and they attribute all kinds of miraculous powers to this plant; and there is an amount of attention paid to the moon and stars that is not altogether free from actual worship. For some reason or other, however, they are very chary of speaking about their superstitions.



"DAR, NOW! I HAD A THOUGHT."

Their power to endure pain struck me as one of their most remarkable traits. They not only endure it, but do so with a patient cheerfulness that seems miraculous. To one old woman, who had not known a moment's freedom from suffering for years, I said, "Aunt Mary, you are a wonder; I am going to write a story about you."

"I'd be powerful glad if you would," she said, delightedly; "I do want to be heerd of outside Georgia." This same old woman had a very funny habit of quoting King George the Fourth as her authority or reference.

The rising generation are apt to speak slightingly of the old slave spiritual songs, but I noticed that they could all sing them; and that they were quite as easily enthused by them as were the generation from whose toil and travail they sprung. No music moves them as this does. The Jubilee Singers give no idea, or rather they give a very false idea, of them; all the *native* power is lost in their too artistic rendering. They want no music but the emphasized clapping of hands to which they are naturally sung, and performers in full dress in some fashionable concert hall are a travesty on the original singers.

Instead of these accessories, imagine an unchinked cabin, with a fire of pine knots, and seated round it a group of grave, almost mournful, men and women, clad in rough brogans and scanty homespun. After a total silence, sometimes of long duration, some one begins in a low voice:

When I was down in de Egypt land—
Love, love, for me,
I heerd some talk of de promised land—
Love, love, for me;
Yes, 'twas love—yes, 'twas love,
Love, love, for me.

As I walked on de heavenly road—
Love, love, for me,
De elements opened and de love came down—
Love, love, for me;
Yes, 'twas love—yes, 'twas love,
Love, love, for me.

During the progress of the hymn, the soft clapping grows more emphatic, the dark drooping faces are gradually lifted, and the enthusiasm gains with every repetition.

I have often stood in the dark outside the cabins, and watched a group of young girls sitting in a circle on the floor, singing these native songs. One of their number always sits in the middle of the ring, and gives the opening line, thus:

Leader. Old Satan is a liar, and a conjurer too—
Rest. Oh, my Lord!
Leader. If you don't mind, he'll conjure you—
Rest. Oh, my Lord!
All. Oh, my Lord is a lily in the valley,
A lily in the valley;
Oh, my Lord!

Leader. Old Satan wears one iron shoe—
Rest. Oh, my Lord!
Leader. If you don't mind he'll slip it on you—
Rest. Oh, my Lord!
All. Oh, my Lord is a lily in the valley,
A lily in the valley;
Oh, my Lord!

These songs are almost the only ones sung in country churches, and some of them are of a much wilder character than those just cited. Many are impromptu, and to no one but their composers could express any religious feeling. Still, however ridiculous, I never found it possible to laugh at them, the intent was so sincere. Their manner of singing them in church is quite as effective in its way as their fireside singing. Imagine a building of unchinked logs, standing perhaps in a pine wood, and lighted by great torches of fat pine held in the hands of negro men, who are often singularly tall, black, and uncouth-looking.

They stand around a crowd of women, who keep up a constant half-step swaying motion, exactly like the uneasy movement of a camel. These women probably begin in a low, soft voice, but the clapping grows wilder, the time quicker, and they are cheered into a frenzy of excitement by the constant ejaculations of "Shout, sisters!" from the "Amen Corner," where the elders of the church sit. The flickering, flaring, smoky light, the wild dark faces, the noise, and the excitement make a scene which brings Central Africa startlingly near to us.

While in Atlanta I attended a "revival" in the Big Bethel Colored Church. Several women were lying before the altar in a kind of trance, others were standing around them singing and shouting. Before the service began the minister said: "Brethren, I've got a very bad cold, so I sha'n't address you at length. I want to say that all the mourners will give their hats to Deacon ——, and their bonnets to Sister ——. Last night a mourner gave his hat to a person to keep while he proceeded to the altar, and that person took that hat plumb away, and I had to lend that mourner a hat to go home in."

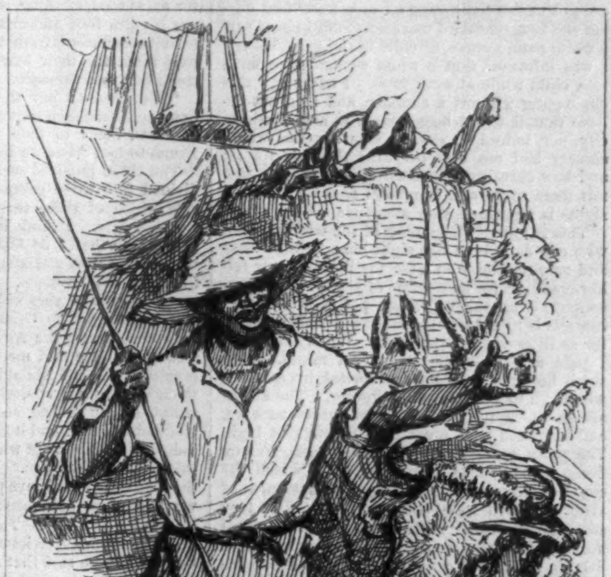
A few minutes afterward a woman took off her bonnet deliberately, jerked wildly round for a minute or two, and then jumped up and down, clapping her hands and shouting. During this paroxysm it took two women to hold her; but she stopped in a few moments as suddenly as she had commenced, picked up her bonnet, tied it on, and walked out of church as quietly as possible.

One little girl converted at this time said that while her soul was on its "travels" she had met her mother, who was a shining angel of light, and who told her that her step-mother (just deceased) was wallowing in fiery brimstone. The child had to be strictly concealed after this revelation, or she would have fallen a victim to the vengeance of the step-mother's relatives.

The louder the shouting, in the opinion of this class, the better the Christian. They have no faith in the conversion of any one who has not lain in a trance for two or three days, and whose soul has not been on its travels; while the wilder and more improbable the stories told on "coming through," the more positive is the salvation.

This class of negroes also considers noise the grand element of preaching; and a good loud voice is often considered a very positive call to the ministry. One man, who was preaching with all the eloquent noise he could possibly make, suddenly stopped, and after a moment's reflection said, "Dar, now! I had a thought, but de debil's done got him under his foot." Another talked about God raining down whales in the wilderness, and called himself "doctor" during his sermon a great many times. A preacher in Atlanta who professes to be an educated man said in one of his discourses that "God, in the concatenation of His wisdom, caused the angels to swing rapidly round His throne"; and was continually, and in the most absurd connections, alluding to what he called "the hecatombs."

Still, this is but one side of colored worship; there are many very orderly congregations, although this order and silence is a great trial to most of the older negroes. I heard an old woman say, after listening to a white minister who would not permit shouting, "Lord bless the man! it was a powerful good sermon, but it 'most killed me to hold in them shouts."



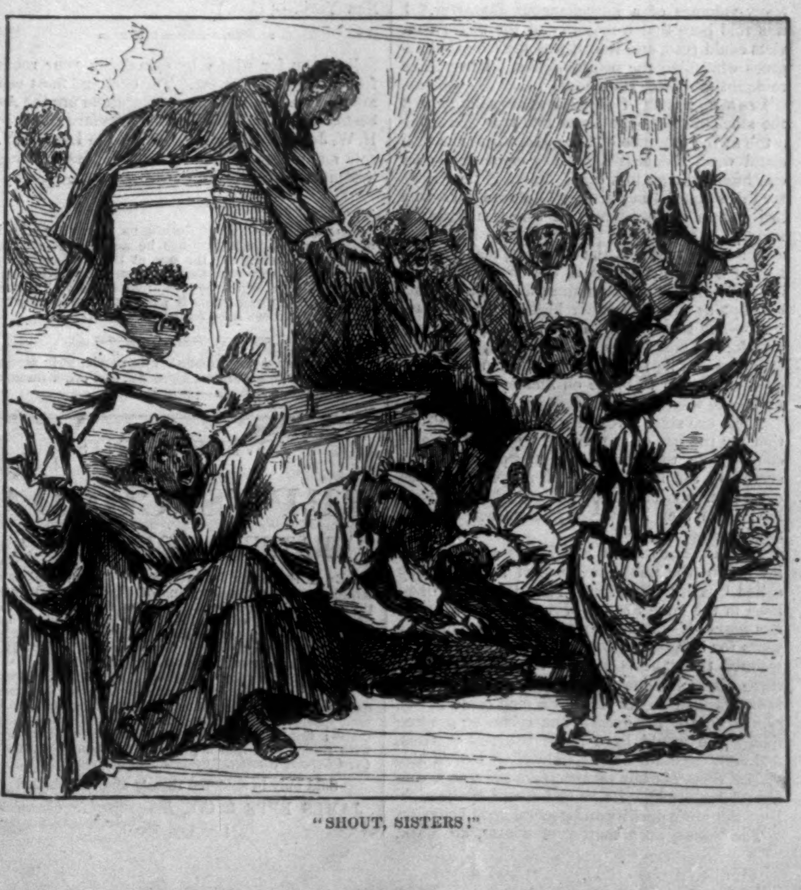
NEGRO DRIVERS.

During the cotton season the streets of Atlanta are wonderful. They are blocked up everywhere with cotton, the coarse brown sacking beautifully relieved by the snowy staple torn out from the heart of the bale by the sampling hook. Cotton is the panacea for a Southerner's inertness. I have seen them passing up and down on the top of the bales as if they were thoroughly alive, using "big, big D's" as prodigally as if some other person's tongue had to coin them. The negro also is in his element among cotton; he is never so happy in any other labor, and his brisk "Yes, sahs" are heard above all the noise of clattering wagons, cracking whips, shouting men, and barking dogs.

I never wearied of this animated, bustling scene, and I never was at a minstrel entertainment half as comical as the continual little disputes between the negro drivers on the streets of Atlanta. "Look yar, boy," replied one, indignantly, in reply to some passing impudence; "don't you know 'tain't safe to tickle a mule's heels?"

"Your'n ain't no good fur kicking," was the ready response.

But Atlanta has, alas! other street scenes besides these amusing ones. Go into any street where repairs are being made, and you will see how shamelessly Georgia wears her disgrace. Men, women, and children—for very young boys and girls are put in her chain-gang—are mend-



"SHOUT, SISTERS!"

ing roads, loading carts, or shovelling dirt; the women and girls chained together with the men, and often for first offenses. This chain-gang is Georgia's training-school for her penitentiaries, for since she has leased out her convicts to licensed slave-drivers, it pays her well to have criminals. I have heard that white men and women are put in the chain-gang; I only *know* that during the four months I was in Atlanta I never saw a white man, woman, or child in the gang, though I was informed that a white woman gave birth to a child while at work in it. I never saw this chain-gang without a shudder, and I do not believe that it would be tolerated in any Northern city, nor, indeed, in any place in America where slavery had not first prepared the way for it; and how chivalrous Southern gentlemen can permit their wives and daughters to daily see such sights is a problem they alone can solve.

This is but the beginning of the wrong. Men who can daily bear this sight have found it easy and very profitable to lease the lives of their fellow-creatures for long terms of years. These lessees are irresponsible private people, whose only interest is to get as much labor out of their slaves for as little outlay as possible. While in Georgia I paid a visit to the Dade coal mines, where three hundred convicts are worked by a lessee who is an ex-Confederate Governor. The stockade in which the men are kept covers an acre, and is fenced with great rails fifteen feet high. The gates are guarded by armed men, and by fierce blood-hounds. The houses in which the convicts sleep are built of logs with apertures of about an inch wide between them. The logs stand perpendicular, and are not laid in the usual horizontal fashion, and none but those who have lived in log-houses can understand the difference this makes. Logs laid horizontally suggest the home, the church, or the school-house; huts made of upright logs, the calaboose and the slave-pen.

The room of this convict house is about one hundred feet long, and the doors and windows are of grated iron. They have no bedsteads; a shelf the length of a man, and raised a few feet from the floor, answers that purpose. The filthy condition of the wretched beds on these shelves is beyond description; something of it may be understood from the fact that the miners sleep in the clothes in which they work. As far as cleanliness and comfort are concerned, a hole in the coal seam would be preferable. At the foot of each shelf is a chain, to which at night the chain which the convict wears is fastened.

The floor of this stockade is also of logs, and there is the usual opening between them, except under the beds, where it is boarded; but I can not see what great comfort is gained in this partial flooring, because the whole stockade is raised several feet from the ground, and the freezing mountain winds find entrance through the whole centre of the floor. In the winter months this place, though boasting of five stoves, must be a cold hell. Even in summer, rain-storms will drive right through the unchinked walls, and deluge the wooden shelf which serves as the sleeping-place of the convicts. They claim that the walls are left open for ventilation, and by order of the doctor, but I noticed that his own house was not ventilated after this fashion. The hospital is a room built on the same plan, excepting that the floor is wholly boarded, the walls being all open as in the stockade.

I noticed a large quantity of books and papers in the commissary department, covered with dust and cobwebs; and I was told they had been sent by charitable societies in the North for the use of the convicts. I offered to clean and arrange them, but my offer was refused. "You see," said an official, "we don't wish the men to have such publications, on account of their objectionable political stand-point." The greater portion of this reading matter was *Harper's Monthlies* and *Weeklies* and *The Independent*. There were also many volumes of a miscellaneous character. I was told here that a majority of the negro convicts could read, and that it was the educated negroes who filled the penitentiaries. I beg leave to doubt the latter statement.

I saw no means of cleanliness anywhere about the stockade, although I was told that there was a tub at the entrance of the mine, where the men could wash themselves as they came out—over one hundred men to a tub! There is no excuse for this shameful neglect, for Captain Evans, who has charge of the mine, and who is a practical miner, told me, when I pointed out the filthy condition of the men and the stockade, that "by the loss of a very little time to the company, morning and evening, the men and the stockade could be kept as clean as either he or his own house was"—and I never saw a man more scrupulously neat for his position, nor a sweeter, cleaner home than the one he inhabited. The men are, however, compelled to bathe on Sundays, when it is no loss to the company.

There are sixty acres of ground under cultivation for the use of the convicts, and, as far as I could judge, they got plenty to eat, but it was served in the filthiest little tin buckets it has ever been my lot to see, and yet when I examined them they had been just washed for the men's dinners.

Both Captains Reese and Evans asked me to lay before the public the case of a colored boy called Charles Davidson. They told me he had been in the mine for five years, and *was then fifteen years old*—his sentence being a term of forty years for burglary. Brown, the lessee, has since claimed that "he is serving out a sentence for three distinct crimes," although I was told by a famous Georgian lawyer that a man could not be sentenced for more than one crime at a time; that is, he would have to be re-arrested, tried, and sentenced for each separately. Brown also claims that this boy of ten years old was a confirmed desperado. Reese and Evans spoke highly of the boy's docility and general good behavior.

The mines, as a matter of course, are dark, damp, dreadful places. Each man is required to fill five car-loads a day; and I should think this is not very hard work, for many do it in less than the prescribed hours. The injustice comes in here, that they can not leave the mine until six at night, and for the extra work they do they get no money, but simply an order on the commissary for extra food, clothing, or tobacco. But of what use is extra food and clothing to men who ought to have sufficient from the lessee? And if he paid them for their extra work in money, they could buy their tobacco.

"We used to pay them so much money an hour, and some men sent as much as thirty dollars a month home to their families," said Captain Evans to me; "but we have stopped that now."

The three hundred men leased by Brown are divided into three camps. I really can not decide which of these three is the nearest to the Infernal City. I think it would take an expert devil to do that. At Castle Rock the stockade was cleaner than at Dade, and the beds viler, and the dogs more vicious. At Cole City I found a man who was a very old convict, and who had been leased out to Grant and Alexander while they were laying the Air-line Railroad with convict labor. He told me stories of floggings and cruelties which I should hesitate to repeat, although Captain Evans, who was at that time with Grant, said "he had seen men flogged until it made him sick"; and it certainly must have been a devilish punishment which could have so moved this experienced man. While laying this route the men were not always put under cover at night; very frequently both men and women were chained by one leg to a tree. This man had just come to Cole City from a convict camp known as "Smith's Camp," and he said that all the time he was there he had never once had enough to eat.

It is something to know, however, that public sentiment is slowly awakening to a sense of shame regarding these inhuman prison-houses. Last summer Senator Boyd laid before the Senate reports of atrocities, which, if they desire it, my readers can refer to for further information on the subject. This is the second chapter of slavery in the South, and I have no hesitation in saying that in some respects it is more terrible than the first. Its victims are prejudged; they are kept in far-away, desolate places; their masters have no interest whatever in treating them mercifully, or in even caring for their lives; they have no friends and no helper, unless it be in heaven; and "heaven," as one poor fellow said, despairingly, "is so far away."

I have written of these convict camps in connection with negro life in Georgia with a purpose; it is this: *I think they exist because free negroes exist.* When the negro was a slave, his master punished him as he thought proper; even if he committed murder, he was "sold away," to avoid loss, if possible. I know this, for I remember many such cases, having lived ten years in a Slave State before emancipation. Now, as a free man, the negro comes before the law, and I fear the law is made to suit the circumstance.

Yet the Georgian negroes, without being the most interesting of their race, are perhaps the most progressive. As I said before, the teachers of their people will spring from them; and I think the white Georgian scornfully misconceives and undervalues the power with which he will yet undoubtedly come in collision. However, I have only told what I have seen; if there is any lesson, moral, social, or political in it, my readers will easily find it, each for himself. B.

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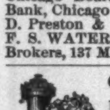

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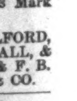

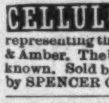

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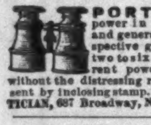

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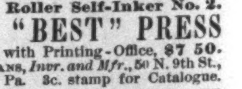

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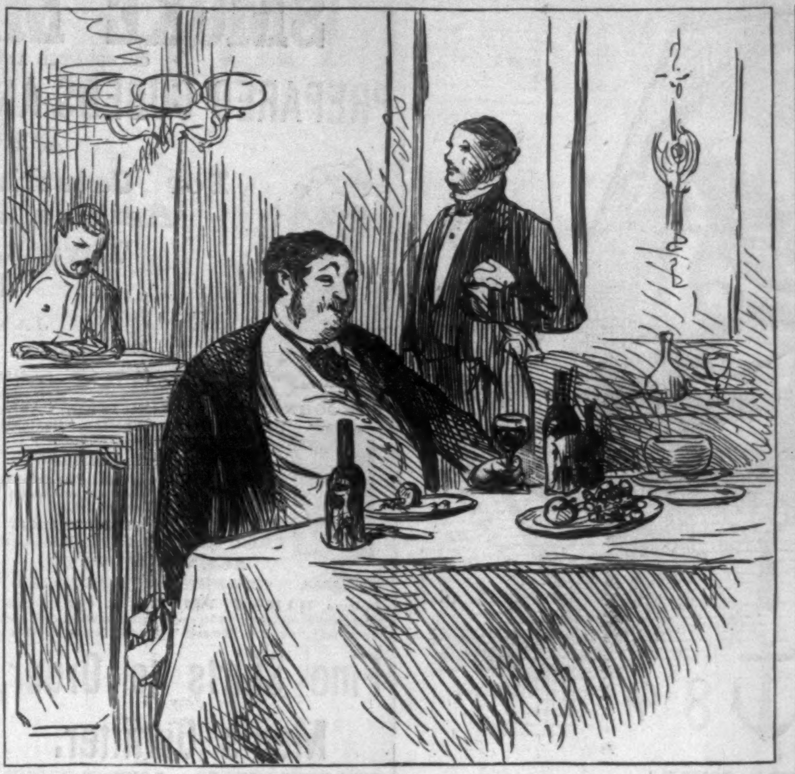

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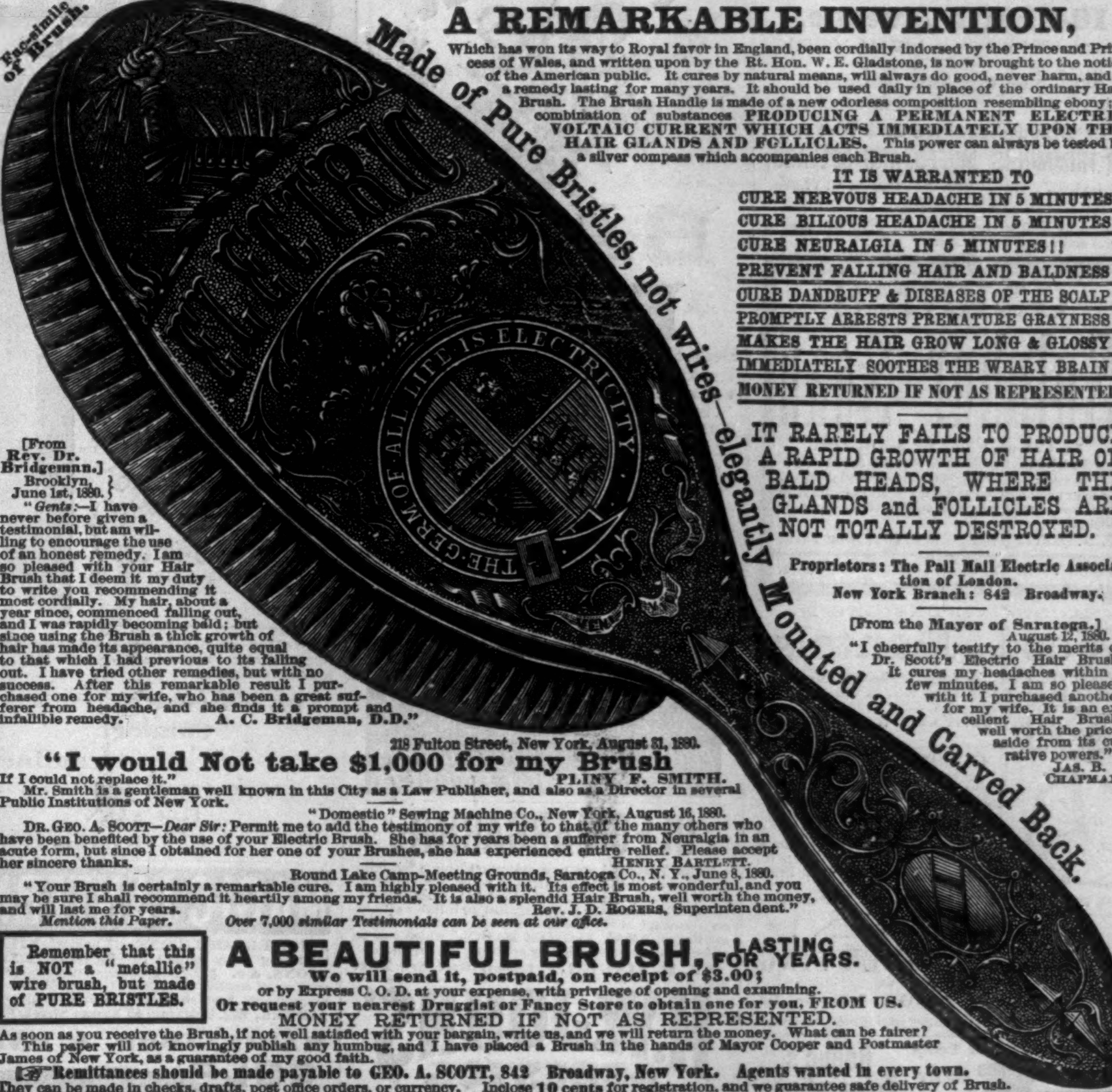
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